LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE MEANING OF ART

GEORGE ALLEN
& COMPANY
LIMITED
PUBLISHERS
LONDON
RUSKIN HOUSE

GIOVANNI BELLINI. *Virgin and Child.* [*Louvre.*

The style of works of art instructs us as to the personality of the author. The same subject treated by different artists varies according to the personality of the artist.

Frontispiece

The MEANING *of* ART

ITS NATURE, RÔLE, AND VALUE

BY

PAUL GAULTIER

WITH A PREFACE BY

ÉMILE BOUTROUX

MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE

TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRD FRENCH EDITION BY

H. & E. BALDWIN

WITH 36 ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN & COMPANY LTD.

44 & 45 RATHBONE PLACE

1913

[All rights reserved]

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

This Work was crowned by the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh

TO

MY DEAR MASTER

HENRI BERGSON

MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE
PROFESSOR IN THE COLLÈGE DE FRANCE

AS A TOKEN OF SINCERE AND
RESPECTFUL ADMIRATION

PREFACE

My dear Friend,—You embarrass me greatly by asking me to write a preface for your new book. The subject is one that I find highly interesting as long as it is a question merely of reading about it, or of discussing it; but one that appals me when it becomes a question of coming to a conclusion and actually writing it down. My incompetence is, naturally, the first reason for this; but the "fluidity" of such concepts as beauty, æsthetic emotion, art, creation, ideal, impression, nature, style, life, expression, originality, and harmony, also makes these studies, in my opinion, as delicate as they are enchanting. Whether it will ever be possible to reduce these fleeting things to the laws of positive science, I do not know; but until then it is certainly allowable to approach them with one's whole nature—judgment, taste, feeling, intuition and reason, spirit of finesse and spirit of deduction. It is necessary, indeed, to treat them, as far as

[1] In the form of a personal letter.

possible, in the simple way of an ordinary man ; for it is true, as in our epoch we love to proclaim, that great things, such as art, should not be the privilege of the few, but the common good of the greatest number. How difficult it is, sometimes, in such matters as this, to establish any principles at all ! And when we feel ourselves convinced, by the reading of a good book on art, is it not first of all the talent of the author, the warmth of his feeling, the delicacy and distinction of his mind by which we are really convinced ?

Although it may seem rash for me to appreciate critically the value of your point of view, especially since the agreement between most of your ideas and my own tendencies makes me a partial judge, nevertheless I can, at least, record some of the reflections which the reading of your book has suggested to me. This may perhaps prove an effective way of pointing out its interest.

Of the numerous and suggestive conclusions which you reach in your book, I should select two as being the most important :—

1. Art properly so called is the realisation of beauty.

2. Beauty is æsthetic emotion made objective.

I should like, as I suppose you would also,

to give these propositions a large and general construction.

Art creates beauty. Does this mean that the realisation of beauty is its exclusive aim? Should the fine arts be radically distinguished from practical and industrial arts? Does the artist have no function save that of procuring for us, by means of things whose real signification is for the time ignored, the subtle and recondite pleasure which privileged persons enjoy under the name of æsthetic emotion?

We must admit that this conception is one which seems to be sanctioned by many great works of art embalmed in the admiration of centuries.

Especially in the times known as those of decadence and dissolution, art seems to have scornfully put aside every end but that of beauty, on the supposition that the power of beauty and its special action on the human mind were fully exercised only when it was freed from all connection with accessory aims, such as utility, truth, and goodness, and only when it stood alone in its sovereign dignity.

But is it practically possible for art to have no aim but the representation of beauty?—is this likely?—and does it conform to the true idea of human life taken in its entirety?

There can be no doubt that art so interpreted would be false to its origin, which is certainly utilitarian.

Art is the production of objects destined to confirm life, and to advance it in the more or less favourable conditions in which man finds himself. When he satisfied his elementary needs, art arose to satisfy the higher desires and aspirations, which were in their turn equally necessities—necessities of the soul, which was thus delivered gradually from its material envelope and set free to live for itself. Thus, by seizing upon the forms of animals, plants, and objects that interested man, art snatched them from destruction by fixing their images in durable material. Art multiplied monuments, the memorial signs of things and events. It lent immortality to loved and dreaded persons, to their features, their occupations, their habits, their tastes.

Art represented the gods, the protectors of men, by means of signs, reinforcing the faith of the reason by the lively impressions of sensible reality. It created also, besides our given world, another, composed of its impressions, loves, fears, desires, and dreams—a guarantee of the reality of its internal life and of its faculty of immortality.

While it pursued the useful, art encountered the beautiful and attached itself to it. What could be more appropriate than to endow the images of those whom we venerate with all the perfections which we are able to conceive? But the beautiful, in the spontaneous and primitive development of art, is not an end; it is a means. It is not a separate form added to the object and superseding it; it is rather the object itself most suitably fulfilling its purpose.

This, then, is the origin of art; and whenever it has come to life again after periods of decadence, it has first of all rejected trivial adornments and set up for itself anew a real and serious end founded in the conditions of life, in the beliefs and ideas of the time.

We must admit that we prefer this classic conception of art to the doctrine called æstheticism, which, considering beauty as something apart, raises an altar to it alone, while all the rest—truth, utility, thought, life, desire, belief—have merely a subsidiary rôle.

Beauty is certainly an exquisite object of contemplation and enjoyment. But when cut off from all its natural associations, and cultivated merely for itself, it increases the intensity of life in certain of our human interests only in order

to diminish and enfeeble it in others no less important and elevated.

Consider, for a moment, this lover of beauty, skilful in extracting it from things, and apt to enjoy it in itself and for itself. He finds it alike in the basest and the noblest realities, in the ordinary and the unusual, in matter and in mind, in the bad and in the good, in the ugly itself no less than in those objects which we call beautiful. Persuaded, moreover, that a point of view gained by a sensibility refined through complicated processes cannot but be superior to that of the ordinary man, his natural inclination is to consider unimportant these differences of utility and of moral value on which the ordinary person lays store, but which do not affect the æsthetic value of things. He leaves then to others—to those who are fit in action and in thought—the task of working for the progress of the world ; that is to say, of providing material for his rare sensibility and exquisite power of intuition. In fact, to direct all one's faculties constantly toward the beautiful in oneself—the exclusive object of æsthetic joy—tends to deprive them of the development that the pursuit of their own objects would procure. He would bring to practical and scientific life an intelligence

and a will prejudiced by this artificial use, provided he consented to mingle with such things at all.

In contradiction with the essential origin and end of art ; out of touch with the masses of the people, who evidently have neither the leisure nor the means to become acquainted with these learned mysteries ; an agent of degeneration in the minds of those who delight in it ; such æstheticism is bad for the man who desires to live, think, and act sanely and efficiently.

It does not follow that he must give up his admiration for those masterpieces in which the pursuit of beauty has been the only or preponderant end.

This form of art has its *raison d'être* and its necessary rôle. It is, in truth, an effect of the general law of habit which leads a man to cultivating for itself alone that which was pursued at first only as a part of the whole.

The habit tends, in every sort of activity, to change means into ends. Thus it is that we come to imagine that we desire money and adornment in themselves.

A valuable tendency, but full of danger ! By taking itself for the whole, by claiming absolute value for itself, even to the extent of coming into

opposition to the whole from which it is taken, the part develops all its potencies, and brings out the unknown perfections of things. Would we know to what extent the will may gain sway over soul and body, if the ascetics had not given us the demonstration by pushing the experiment to the limit? An Antisthenes and a Pascal are, in the moral world, creators of will. In the same way, in order that the æsthetic faculty may have its full development in humanity, it is necessary that it be exercised, at intervals, without hindrance and without regard to the other faculties.

Beauty reigning alone and illuminating the world is a transfiguration of things, a mystical vision which disperses the sunshine of the real life; and its memory never fades. The periods of decadence, in making of the beautiful their idol, awake in the human soul powers which, living to become incarnate later on in greater and more virile geniuses, embody themselves in works in which light and grace—productions of fancy—take form in the useful manifestation of actual life.

If then one would properly estimate the form of art which has no object but beauty, one should see in it a necessary phase, but only one phase, of the development of art in general.

It was necessary that in certain epochs beauty should have been taken for an end in itself, that there might grow up in humanity the power of conferring on great things the prestige of a beauty worthy of them. For the man who sees the parts in the light of the whole, love of beauty is no longer a weakening and dissolving sentiment. For in such a mind this love does not exist apart. It is not really separated from the larger love of life and humanity, for which beauty alone cannot suffice. This pious love sees in its object an element of universal harmony.

And everything is good to him who sees things in relation to the universal travail. "You put order in disorder, and under your glance inimical things become friendly," sang Cleanthes in his "Hymn to Jupiter."

This is the course that my thoughts took when I meditated on the proposition that art is the realisation of beauty. And here are the reflections suggested to me by the second proposition : beauty is æsthetic emotion objectivised.

Is this true ?—or is æsthetic feeling only an emotion which accompanies our perception of beauty ? Have not the other powers of our mind an equally essential part ? I shall not examine this question, for emotion evidently

becomes something more comprehensive when we add the term "æsthetic." I shall content myself with considering the connection of the internal phenomenon, whatever it may be, with the form in which it is objectivised.

It seems to me that, in certain modern theories in which the principle of a mystical metaphysics seems to be applied to art, the desire appears of rejecting all the formulæ of objectivation employed in earlier times, of ignoring all the known and existing styles, and of presenting the form of the emotion and thought of the artist without any intermediary. This would mean that the living soul could throw aside all the traditions of the past and create for itself alone, *ex nihilo*, the form that would express its impressions. This new form, scarcely detached from the spiritual principle itself, would be infinitely supple, and would translate the finest shades of emotion with a fidelity, a precision, a clearness, a power of suggestion that the stiff and obsolete forms, invented in other conditions to express different thoughts, would not possess.

Can æsthetic emotion objectivate itself without recourse to established forms ?—or, when we say that it is objectivised, do we mean that it takes possession of pre-existing forms and uses them

in its own way, making them say something different from what they have already said in earlier works ?

From a historical point of view the pretence of creating a concrete form from nothing, by the simple power of emotion, seems hardly justified. The apostles of new ideas have always begun by using forms which they found already existing.

"With our new thoughts let us make old verses," said Chénier. Synesius moulded his Christian thoughts in the rhythms of Anacreon. It is only little by little, growing and taking form in the struggle for existence and for victory, that the new idea bursts the bond that has become too narrow, and out of the elements found on all sides, composes an original form as adequate and transparent as possible.

This procedure seems necessary. Invention, in truth, arises in the sphere of the idea, the emotion, the intuition, which springs up mysteriously from the soul itself. "A poet," said Plato, "is a winged being." It is not by the action of visible and material things that its creations are engendered ; it escapes their grasp, hovers above them, and receives its inspiration from on high. But if the conception of the idea is thus, as it were, immaculate, it is

inconceivable, on the other hand, that the idea in its development and expression should remain quite independent of the given material. Every complete and true thought must embody itself in an image, a form, a symbol. Now symbols belong to the sensible world ; and the power of the mind with respect to this world, where the law of inertia reigns, is much less direct and penetrating than that which it possesses with respect to its thoughts and emotions. In systems of symbols we find condensed the efforts, hesitations, experiments, and successes of thousands of artists. These systems are real ; they have the force of habit, tradition, and logic—an organisation victorious in the struggle for life. How is it possible to improvise a new system which can hold its own against these consecrated forms ? The pure idea is too far removed from matter ; but this, in turn, is rebellious against the sudden creation of a new and appropriate style. In the translation of a certain idea by a certain form, convention and usage enter. Time, custom, experimentation are necessary to create among men the tacit conspiracy which makes the meaning of symbols plain.

Even if recourse to existing forms were not imposed on the inventor by the very laws of

production and expression, it would still be practically necessary if the work is to be intelligible. Form is a translation ; and every such translation is an intermediary between the artist and the spectator. The essence of translation is that it should be made in the language of those to whom it is addressed. Thus it is that however creative a thinker may be, he does not invent an entirely new language of his own on the ground that the existing language was made for ideas other than his. Descartes uses, besides the language of the scholastics, that of his country, the vulgar idiom. Victor Hugo compliments himself on having a style purer than Racine. Corneille, Racine, and Dumas, in our time, throw the conceptions of their modern genius into the moulds of antique tragedy. A revolutionary philosophy like that of Kant expresses itself in the rigid and outgrown forms of Wolff's system. Even a religious renaissance speaks to men in the language of their time, adapts itself to the institutions, science, philosophy, customs, rites, traditions, and beliefs present in the society in which it arises.

This is, however, only the beginning. The given form in which the new idea is embodied is not a substitute for it, but only its instrument.

This form, in fact, is external to it, and unfitted for the service for which it is required. The developing idea acquires precision and relief, struggling with the form which limits it.

Who has not experienced this reaction of form on thought? Victor Hugo in seeking a more harmonious and suitable verse found a stronger, more simple, and truer thought.

The natural result is that the idea attempts to soften the form, at the same time refractory and necessary; and the primitive form comes, according to circumstances, to be modified, enriched, differentiated, developed in unexpected ways, and replaced by another form. Various forms arise which cannot be explained as a spontaneous and logical development of pre-existing forms. The idea turns the mechanical forces to its profit, and little by little, as the invincible dualism of mind and matter permits, weaves for itself a visible envelope to suit itself alone.

This is to be observed in the life of societies, where new customs spring up and create new laws; in literature, where the movement of thought changes language, style, and form little by little; in religion, where life and vigour are manifested by a tendency to strip away the older elements of tradition, philosophical, scientific, theological,

political, borrowed from earlier civilisations, in order to discover forms better suited to the demands of contemporary society.

It would be strange if art were an exception to these general laws of objectivation. To do without forms and style, to seek to be fluid and amorphous, is a simple contradiction, since in such an art the idea would not be really translated, and in its claim to immediate expression, would be unexpressed. An image modelled purely and simply on the idea is a chimera, for the image has laws which are not those of ideas. The idea, or the æsthetic emotion, is, indeed, the essence of the beautiful ; and this essence must be objectivised ; but objectivation is possible and useful only through the employment of signs already elaborated by humanity—signs which, moreover, are not absolute, and which must be moulded and indefinitely transformed by the artist until they are adapted to his own idea.

Such were my thoughts, my dear friend, when I analysed these two propositions of your book.

I do not think, however, that my wandering course has taken me far from the path which you tread so surely. It seems to me that whoever reads your work will, in the same way, feel

disposed to reflect and think for himself. And that is, if I am not mistaken, a great merit in a book.

I remember that Plato distinguishes between discourse cast in a finished and polished form, but dead, and the living and animated discourse in which an alert thought plays with its symbols.

"The first," he said, "flattered the passive taste of men for dogma and immobility. But when you questioned it as to its meaning, it was dumb.

"The second reflected and reasoned, proposing more than it imposed, and communicating life, which is in its very nature contagious."

It seems to me that your discussion is of the second rather than the first kind. The friends of art will not complain of it.—Yours with sincere affection,

ÉMILE BOUTROUX

de l'Institut.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Although much has been written on the subject of the fine arts, I hope the present volume will not be considered superfluous.

Difficult as the subject is, I find it profitable to consider it from a somewhat new point of view—the strictly emotional point of view, which to my mind, is the only one from which to regard art and its associated questions. It is the only one that signifies anything when we take account of the pleasure and profit which are to be derived from works of art. Hence the title of this book, *The Meaning of Art:* its emotional value and import.

In fact I break off all connection with intellectualism, which sees in art only an imitation of nature, or the revelation of a supersensible ideal, without falling, however, into an impressionism or a purely individual subjectivism, as has happened to those rare philosophers—when they have not, like Kant, contradicted their premises in their conclusions—who have

noticed that art is in its nature not an affair of the understanding. Likewise, since I believe that art has value and significance only through the emotion, æsthetic in its character, that it provokes—and in this I separate myself both from those who see in it a simple pleasure of sense, and from those who, setting aside its beauty, still find in it some sort of emotional expression—I believe that the work of art is no more nor less than this very emotion embodied and objectivised by means of sounds, lines, colours, reliefs, etc.

From this spring, I believe, both the possibility of judging a work of art, the legitimacy of art criticism, and also its incomparable value and efficacy as giving pleasure, moral, social, and intellectual—all the ecstasy it produces in us—not to mention the accessory sentiments which enrich the æsthetic emotion and serve as its vehicle.

Art is the charm of our days and the joy of our life ! It refines our sensibility ; it stimulates it for the good ; it enlarges and socialises it ; and, at the same time, it enlarges the field of our intuitive knowledge in the most unexpected ways.

I hope that this little volume explaining what

art is, its merits and its consequences, will contribute to the love of it. I hope, above all, that it will convince our teachers of the profit of art both as taught and as merely presented in the schools.

By educating the sensibility—not to mention the light it sheds on history, nature, and man—and furnishing a counterpoise to the over-intellectual elements in our methods of instruction—the over-"memorial" in technique, so to speak—it would be a safeguard and a counter-attraction, a leaven of enthusiasm and love in the hearts of our young people, a preparation for the moral and social life in all its integrity.

I may add a word of regret at not being able fully to thank all those who have helped me in my task, not only by their books but also by their advice and support. I hope my good masters—MM. Henri Bergson, Maurice Blondel, Émile Boutroux, René Doumic, Émile Gebhart, Lévy-Bruhl, Théophile Ribot, Gabriel Séailles, and Sully Prudhomme — will forgive me for not having adequately expressed my warm recognition of the friendly solicitude and unmeasured encouragment they have shown me. If this work contains anything good, it owes it to them, together with the works of art which

I have tried to interrogate, and which, by their charm, have taught me so much.

VERSAILLES, *May* 15, 1906.

P.S.—Since the appearance of this book, M. Marcel Braunschvig has published his work entitled *Art and the Child.* It is an excellent introduction to æsthetics.[1]

[1] The extensive bibliography, principally of French works, contained in the appendix to the original has been omitted.—*Note of the Translators.*

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE BY ÉMILE BOUTROUX, MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE vii

AUTHOR'S PREFACE xxiii

THE NATURE OF ART

CHAP.

I. WHAT IS ART? 3

THE RÔLE OF ART

II. WHAT A WORK OF ART TEACHES . . 73

III. THE MORALITY OF ART 105

IV. THE SOCIAL RÔLE OF ART 151

THE VALUE OF ART

V. THE CRITICISM OF ART 187

INDEX 213

ILLUSTRATIONS

VIRGIN AND CHILD. By Giovanni Bellini . *Frontispiece*

Facing p.

FRENCH DESK AND CHEST OF EIGHTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES 4
From photographs by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

VIRGIN AND CHILD. Attributed to Botticelli . . 18

THE PARTHENON, ATHENS 30
From a photograph by G. H. Naunton, Esq.

KERMESSE. By Rubens 38
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

THE FALL OF THE WICKED ANGELS. By Jerome Bosch 44
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

LA JOCONDE. By Leonardo da Vinci 54

PERSEUS. By Canova 59
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

ÆSOP. By Legros 59

LANDSCAPE—MORNING. By Corot 62

HEAD OF APOLLO 78

SEATED SCRIBE 78
From photographs by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

Facing p.

MOSES. By Claus Sluter 90
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

VOLTAIRE. By Houdon 96
LION. By Barye 96
From photographs by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

THE SEVEN JOYS OF THE VIRGIN. By Memlinc . 98
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

SPRING. By Botticelli 100

THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS 102
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

THE OPENING OF THE GLASGOW AND GARNKIRK RAILWAY 104
From a print lent by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

THE CLUB-FOOTED BOY. By Ribera . . . 109
STATUE OF DEATH. By Ligier Richier . . . 109
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

SAINT THERESA STRUCK BY DIVINE LOVE. By Bernini 110
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood. 110
GIN STREET. By Hogarth 110

BACCHANTES. By Clodion 129
THE SACRED FOREST. By Puvis de Chavannes . 129
From photographs by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

THE GLEANERS. By Millet 140

Facing p.

AN OLD WOMAN. By Denner . . . . .

NEPTUNE AND AMPHITRITE. By Annibal Carracci 144
From photographs by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

A PIETÀ. By Michael Angelo 154
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

PLOUGHING SCENE. By Rosa Bonheur 156
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

THE BURIAL AT ORNANS. By Courbet . . . 178
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

THE MONUMENT TO THE DEAD. By Bartholomé . 182
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

MACHINERY HALL, PARIS EXHIBITION . .

MAISON CARRÉE, NIMES 190

THE POOR FISHERMAN. By Puvis de Chavannes . 200
From a photograph by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood.

LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE. By Raphael 206

THE NATURE OF ART

CHAPTER I

WHAT IS ART?

WHAT is art?

Touched upon by many thinkers, discussed and rediscussed frequently in one form or another, this question, which not long ago Tolstoi brought up again, cannot be permanently neglected, since it concerns one of the most striking and primitive manifestations of human activity. Not to mention the philosopher, to whose vocation or trade it belongs to conduct such inquiries, it occurs to every serious man to try to account to himself for his enjoyment of art, as well as to the artist, who tries to analyse himself. This question forces itself more persistently on contemporary thought as art becomes more closely associated with life. On its solution indeed depend the value, rôle, and function of art, its importance or futility, what we may demand of it, and what we may not—what, when all is said, it is right to expect from it.

Why is it that a statue, a symphony, a picture,

and a monument are alike entitled to be called works of art? What have they in common? What is the difference, if there is any, between any one of these and a work which is not pronounced artistic? What, in other words, distinguishes a painting by Corot from a photograph or even from a chromolithograph, a piece of Boule or Riesener furniture from any other sort, the palace of Versailles from barracks or from any ordinary building? Does this difference lie in the fact that a work of art conforms more or less to a supreme model or ideal, or, on the contrary, that it imitates nature? Or is it, on the other hand, merely a game—a happy combination of sounds, lines, colours, or reliefs? Such are the problems which our first question involves or sums up.

Although it has been much discussed, and from many points of view, the question of the nature of art is not only far from being settled—which is not surprising, since no philosophical problem can be definitely solved—but is, as it seems, less advanced than others. Because art has been treated by those who have investigated it in a very internal or esoteric manner, from an immanental point of view carried over from a superficial objectivism to an individual and incomplete subjectivism—that is, from the intellectualism

RIESENER. *Desk of the Period of Louis XV.* [*Louvre.* *Chest and Stand of the Sixteenth Century*

The lightness and grace of the eighteenth century are seen in a desk of the time of Louis XV; while the richness of the French Renaissance is seen in a chest of the sixteenth century.

The style of works of art demonstrates their surroundings, their times, and their country.

which has always hindered æstheticians from considering art under its subjective aspect—the problem should be reconsidered from the subjective point of view, which is the only fruitful one, for it seems to allow in any case a solution more adequate than those hitherto arrived at.

I

Art, according to the Dictionary of the Academy and according to ordinary usage, is a complex of processes or means combined with a view to a definite end, whether this end be the useful, the true, the good or the beautiful. Thus, besides the practical arts, which are mechanical and industrial, such as metallurgy, and the liberal arts, such as topography, which all aim at utility (although divided into two categories according as the mind or the hand plays the principal rôle), there is an art of thinking which tends toward the true, and an art of conduct which strives toward the good. Finally, there are the fine arts which, to judge from the etymology of the term, would seem to have no aim but the attainment of the beautiful.

It is true that they have no other aim.

Although a form of human activity, bearing

the same name as the other arts, those termed "fine arts" are evidently of no direct utility. A sonata, or a picture, or a statue, is not used to satisfy any of our physical needs, either innate or acquired, toward which, after all, the arts more specifically useful are directed, as, for example, the arts of medicine and war. Not only can painting, sculpture, and music be dispensed with, as indeed they often are; but these things add nothing to our comfort (understanding by this material well-being) as do the "Arts and Crafts." The Fine Arts do not serve the function of language as Tolstoi thinks they do; for although they are expressive of feeling, as Sully-Prudhomme has clearly pointed out, they do not constitute a language as such—that is to say, a system of signs voluntarily adopted and suitable for the purposes of communication. They form a spontaneous language not consciously adopted, a sort of limitation impossible in any speech serving the ends of mutual understanding. Utility is so little the object of the Fine Arts, that the merely practical man laughs at them, when indeed he does not pride himself upon scorning them. There are certain Socialists who, for this reason, claim that they should be banished from their State, while

for the same reason politicians are without interest in them, and bid fair to remain so.

On the other hand, their utility alone does not entitle the Fine Arts to be called such. Architecture does not appeal to us simply because it shelters us: the term implies something more. It is not because a building, a church, a bank, or a castle, is suited to its object that it is a work of art. Surely no one would give this name to a hospital building, however fit and hygienic it may be. Admitting that the usefulness of a building or a piece of furniture does not prevent it from being artistic; that its beauty does not prevent its being useful; that these two characters are not inconsistent with each other; that they may and often do coincide in the same object (the examples are so numerous, especially in the minor arts, that illustrations are not necessary)—it remains none the less true that they are distinct and independent. And this is true even though we further admit that by reason of the qualities of order and harmony, an object's fitness for its use bears certain analogies to the beautiful.

Neither do the Fine Arts aim at the true.

Art must not be confused with logic, the process of reaching the true, nor with science, the

result of this process. Its domain, being that of the imagination, the "mistress of error and falsity," as Malebranche called it, is rather one of caprice and fancy. The non-existing and fantastic animal forms that have always delighted artists bear witness to this fact. A quartet is not an equation, nor is a mermaid a veritable fact. There is nothing here to change our ideas of the world or of ourselves. The end of art is not to teach us something ; it does not set out to instruct us. How mediocre the pictures of Horace Vernet, who confused painting with history ! What empty platitudes we owe to the attempt to tell anecdotes with the brush and chisel !

On the other hand, although logic is an art, it is not artistic. When we say that a mathematician uses art in the solution of a problem, we mean that he introduces order, harmony, and even elegance, all qualities which, though indispensable to works of art properly so called, do not exhaust their content. There is a gulf between a scientific law and a work of painting, sculpture, or music. Whatever talent may be displayed in a botanical or anatomical illustration, it is still not a work of art. It is not necessary that it should be, since if it were, this would

destroy its didactic value. The aim of the savant to investigate nature and mind (even when he uses the processes of art) is very different from that of the artist; since the latter, on the contrary, plays with realities and gives himself up to his inspiration, often not knowing where it leads him or whither he goes.

Nor does fine art aim at the good or the perfect. It is distinguished from virtue, which is properly the art of practising goodness and of realising it in ourselves and around us. Painting and sculpture do not have to represent perfect beings even physically, as the representation of hideous creatures on the one hand bears witness, and as does that of scenes of debauchery and crime on the other hand —subjects which they are never tired of treating; and this is even truer of architecture and music, which embody only our feelings. There are, indeed, indisputable masterpieces which are not only indifferent or foreign to morality, but are themselves in some respects immoral and corrupting.

The reverse is just as true. If virtue, the attempt to reach the perfect, can be compared with a work of art by the qualities of order and harmony it possesses — as may, indeed,

also science and industry, or, in fact, anything that is real—if one could properly say that it fashions our souls in the image of the ideal to which it aspires; there is nevertheless the same difference between virtue and a work of art that there is between an effort towards an unachieved end which constantly eludes us and the free development of an activity which proceeds, so to speak, of itself.

Moreover, the fine arts are distinguished from the other arts, not only in that their end is not the good, the true, or the useful, but above all in that one cannot assign to them nor recognise in them any end external to themselves. Art—to use the customary briefer term for fine art—does not aim at realising a preconceived ideal, imposed upon it, or, indeed, imposed upon us. If the work of art exacts labour and with this the exercise of effort, this is merely that it may assume artistic form. It is, at bottom, the manifestation of a spontaneous activity, which unfolds itself for pleasure and as if in play, apart from any extrinsic aim, and without effort. Even the pleasure that the work of art gives us, it dispenses to us without intention; this pleasure is neither the conscious nor the unconscious motive of the activity which creates it. Art

charms us simply because it is its nature to—and for no other reason. The proof of this is, that the artists who capitulate to the desire to please produce works which may be called agreeable or pretty, but not beautiful.

Different from all other activities, the æsthetic is an end unto itself, in the expenditure it makes of itself and in that which displays it to others. It is, to sum it up, as Schiller clearly recognised, an activity of play.

We must not, however, stop with this definition, and assert, with Spencer, Groos, and Hanslick—who recognised in consequence art among children, and even among animals—that, because art is play, it is only play: a pleasant game, confessedly; an agreeable combination of colours, lines, forms and sounds; but still no more than a game.

In spite of numerous common traits, art distinguishes itself from play. If art is play—we mean play in the ordinary meaning, which in this case is the right one—then all play must be art. For, in spite of the opinion of Guyau, although art is play, it differs from the playing of games like ball or chess. There is more in one than in the other. While the expenditure of energy necessary to the game properly so called, such as athletic sports, causes real pleasure only to the

player—that of the spectator being merely a reflection of this—it is very different in the case of artistic creation. The work of art not only produces pleasure for all that come in contact with it, but, apart from the fact that it can be as great for the spectator as for the artist, this pleasure differs for both of them from that secured by the player of games. And further, all those who take pleasure in art attribute its particular charm to something else: they ascribe it to beauty. A proof of this is found in the alacrity with which they attribute this quality to the work which causes their pleasure.

It follows that, while art does not pursue an end external to itself, and while it is of the nature of play, still art produces beauty. It differs from the other arts in that it exists only for this; every work of art must be beautiful. That which lacks beauty can in no wise claim the name of art. If art is play, it is play that produces beauty.

II

What is beauty?

This is, in fact, the question which is met with and which ought to be settled by everyone who asks what art consists in—as much to-day as

ever, after the failure of all the attempts to separate the problem of art from that of beauty. On the solution of this problem depends—and the books on æsthetics are proof of it—the question of the nature of art.

Consequently we are impressed, as so many others have been, by the necessity of considering the problem of the beautiful; and in order to do this we must examine the many solutions which have been proposed.

They fall clearly into two groups. On the one hand, beauty is made something objective, to which art must conform; on the other hand, beauty is something to which only a subjective and individual existence is accorded.

The objectivists hold that beauty exists outside of man, whether it be in virtue of an ideal superior to nature and art, or whether it be in nature itself.

According to Plato, the beautiful is in itself a reality, infinitely superior to the individual and to the species, a supreme model of which everything worthy of admiration partakes. For Plotinus it is an archetype of the intelligence, from which every æsthetic object borrows its beauty; likewise, Père André upholds an essential

beauty existing apart from any divine decree; and Winckelmann teaches that the principal of all beauty dwells in God. For Schelling and Hegel beauty is also the reflection of the idea in nature, the perception of the infinite in the finite.

This last theory serves as a bond of union between those of the objectivists, who consider beauty as a transcendent object, and those which place it in nature; since, while it maintains that beauty is supra-sensible, it admits in the same breath that nature is beautiful by reason of the activity which she employs to that end. This theory admits that nature is, as it were, impregnated with the beautiful, while the naturalistic objectivists—as we may call the second class, in opposition to the transcendental objectivists mentioned above—hold with Guyau, that all beauty originates in nature; that it is present everywhere; that it pertains to life; even that it *is* life in its tendency toward perfection.

Consequently, while according to the objectivists of the first class the mission or rôle of art is to reveal absolute beauty so far as possible, in the eyes of others it consists in an imitation of nature. Hence two great schools, and two different if not really opposed methods of art, have arisen: idealism, on the one hand, which maintains the

reality of certain art subjects only—the noblest, carefully chosen and treated ; and realism, on the other hand, along with her daughter naturalism, which not only accepts every aspect of nature, the noblest as well as the most despicable, but would scruple to change anything in nature (so true is it, by way of parenthesis, that in the æsthetic, as elsewhere, theory does not fail to react on practice).

Whatever may be the authority of those who have upheld these theories, and in spite of the great works by which they have respectively illustrated them, it is impossible in the present state of knowledge to consider beauty as something external to us, whether it be in or whether it be above nature.

Evidently absolute beauty does not exist as an entity apart from the imagination of philosophers, who enjoy enumerating its qualities, largely negative, of order, harmony, and unity. With the realisation of ideas, we attain it completely, or should, at least. Since Kant, the position is settled, even to the extent of becoming obsolete.

Not only is it true that absolute beauty does not exist as an independent reality, but also that it does not even exist as a concept in the mind.

It does not exist as a concept, for the simple reason that it is inconceivable. What is beauty in itself, a beauty that would belong to no one being, but to all at the same time? The same thing could be asked of all particular sorts of beauty. Following certain writers, we would have to conceive of certain absolute criteria for each species or each order of things, by which the æsthetic value of each would be measured. For example, how would the beauty of man be represented? Of what type would he be? Should he be light or dark, long-headed or round-headed? What would be his stature, his carriage, the colour of his eyes, the size of his mouth? It is impossible to say. How would one describe the beauty of the dog or the cat, of forest, mountain, or sea? Would the model dog be a bull-dog, pug-dog, a brach-hound, a Newfoundland, or some other of the innumerable races or varieties from which one might choose? Such questions lead us into inextricable confusion, and this is the best proof at once of their absurdity, and of the falsity of the theory which authorises and provokes them.

Doubtless we conceive a type of plastic perfection for each species in which the perfection of each reveals itself most completely and by

which we judge of all individuals. Further, we arrange these types hierarchically according to their forms, in proportion as they approach more or less to a model of organic perfection which we have in our mind, and which seems to dominate them all, inasmuch as it most adequately reveals their highest ideal and most extensive meaning. But far from finding this idea of perfection ready made, we construct it ourselves by means of data derived from sensible experience; interpreting nature beyond what she gives, our image of her becomes rational, consequently schematic and general. This idea of perfection should not be confused with beauty, which is something individual and concrete. Perfection is so far from being identified with beauty, indeed, that an object may be perfect, completely adapted to its use, and embodying it in its minutest details—a building, for example, say the prison of Aix-en-Provence—and still not be beautiful. Though the Pont du Gard is a masterpiece of building, it is certainly not a work of art. The representation of a man or woman "pre-eminently fitted for all the functions of life and arrived at an age of highest development without having actually lived," would not be necessarily beautiful, as Diderot declared. Perfection of form is

not even essential to beauty. The small head, short neck, and stooping shoulders of the Farnese Hercules do not hinder it from being a masterpiece, while the Perseus of Canova, though far better proportioned, is most assuredly not one.

Beauty is repugnant to the generality by which the idea of plastic perfection expresses itself; for there is nothing so particular and individual as a masterpiece of art in its style and method of representation. Has one ever seen a picture or a statue by a master, such as Raphael or Praxiteles, which represented the beauty of woman simply for itself, or which could be accepted as such? So too the artists who have striven toward perfection for itself, have developed a certain coldness, as clearly appears in the case of Pradier and Bouguereau, for example, and in all the members of the so-called "academic" school, who undoubtedly had this fault.

Finally, if beauty were a reality or the ensemble of supra-sensible realities, it is inconceivable that artists should differ from one another except in the degree of fidelity with which their works succeed in portraying it, which simply amounts to denying to art all originality and to relegating the artist to the rank of a more or less clever copyist. How, then, could we account for the

BOTTICELLI. *Virgin and Child.* [*Louvre.*

The style of works of art instructs us as to the personality of the author. The same subject treated by different artists varies according to the personality of the artist.

value that we attribute, in a work of this kind, to the personality of the artist which enables us to say readily "a Rubens," "a Van Dyck," "a Watteau," or "a Lancret"; and for the fact that we consider beautiful, speaking generally, works as different in style and in mode of representation, in spite of similarity of subject, as a Virgin of Memlinc and one of Botticelli, a Venus of Praxiteles and one of Falconet, the Requiem of Mozart and the Requiem of Berlioz or of Verdi?

That our admiration is given to the most varied subjects, is the best proof that to create a work of beauty, the artist does not have to imitate or follow a pre-existent model superior to the sensible world. For example, we admire the baboons of Teniers, the horrors of a Grünewald, the miseries of Brueghel, the dwarfs of a Tanagra and the terrors of the "Phantom Ship." We recognise as beautiful, indeed, not only works which present to us the bare reality, but also those in which the reality presented is less perfect. We recognise beauty even in caricatures which make it ugly. Furthermore, that no one to-day contests the possibility of these caricatures being works of art, is in itself a formal condemnation of the theory according to which beauty is found only in a transcendental model.

It is no better to say that the beautiful exists in nature.

In the first place, it is not true that everything in nature is beautiful, as those affirm who see in her the prototype of all beauty. If she produces things that can be called beautiful, she also contains very ugly things. In nature we find ugliness and evil, due to antagonism and discord. A physician may talk of a "beautiful disease" in the sense of what is characteristic and proper to it, but that does not mean that a diseased organism is really beautiful any more than is weakness or death, which are at the least disorders and show themselves as such.

On the other hand, it is false that the beauty of art is derived from nature. It is also false that art is only an imitation or copy of nature to which, on this supposition, the ambition of art should be limited. The proof of this fact is that while art often adorns notoriously ugly things—for the "Plague-stricken" of Gros, the "Corpse" of Ligier Richier, "The Cripples" of Callot, the monsters of Goya, seem to us only worthy of admiration on canvas, on paper, or in stone—a strictly faithful copy of the most charming form would not be beautiful unless something else were added to it; so much the more, the simple

reproduction of reality. Would there not be a great difference between the "Anatomy Lesson" of Rembrandt and a photograph showing all the persons that figure in the "Anatomy Lesson" in the same arrangement and in the same disposition of light? Nothing is more devoid of beauty than an illusion, and yet there are indisputable masterpieces which represent only unreal persons and imaginary scenes, such as "The Embarkment for the Island of Cithera," in which cupids hover about a fairy garden.

Indeed, if artistic beauty were nothing but an echo of natural beauty, it would necessarily be always inferior, just as an echo is more feeble than the voice which calls it into being. What is the white of the palette beside the whiteness of the smallest flake of snow? For art, which can follow nature only at a distance, it would be almost, if not absolutely, impossible to attain beauty. Did not the artist La Berge die of grief at not having been able to reproduce, after three years of effort, a corner of a garden where the varying seasons and hours wrought their changes? Art not only does not appear to us as a pale reflection, without charm and force, of a more dazzling beauty; but it is an acknowledged fact that it attracts, and charms to a greater degree, those who can

understand it, than nature herself; so, too, its extreme devotees bear witness, who from loving it too much have forgotten the real. And finally, what can music be said to imitate? certainly not sounds of nature, sounds of the sea or of the wind, of the forest or of the stream; for there is nothing more mediocre—even in the greatest masterpieces—than imitative harmony. We must conclude, therefore, that art has its own beauty independent of that of the things it takes as themes.

This is not all. It seems that there is no beauty—in the precise meaning of the word—in nature. Indeed, when we call a landscape, an animal, a plant, or a rock beautiful, we mean simply that they fulfil certain conditions of order, harmony, and unity, which because they present themselves in these objects, are taken as evidence of their internal purposiveness. Are not these qualities of appropriateness to an end, which attach to the beauty of man or woman, dog or horse, all notoriously insufficient to constitute beauty? Human works which possess nothing besides such fitness, as the Gallery of Machines or the Eiffel Tower, are not considered beautiful; just so the perfection, in which what we call the "beauty of nature" consists, cannot really be considered such. Natural scenes are rather the occasion, or,

so to speak, the pretext, of beauty, in the soul of the artist or spectator. The beauty we find in nature is his invention—the creation of a subject for itself. It is the garment we add to nature in order to adorn her, which we weave in our consciousness with the elements she gives us.

Seeing that the beautiful does not exist externally to us, whether in or above nature, the subjectivists, Hucheson and Kant, held that it was purely internal, a creation of the mind or a state of consciousness. For them, beauty is a state of sensibility which means more than it expresses. It is something affective and intimate.

For the subjectivists the beautiful is what we judge or rather feel to be such—our judgment being in its character dependent on sentiment, or, perhaps better, on the emotion which constitutes beauty for us. The question, then, according to them, is simply that of finding out what this emotion is, what characterises it and what differentiates it from all other emotions. That is all they can and do say about it. Their only task is that of describing it; and even in this they are not free from disagreement.

One class, Mario Pilo and Tolstoi among them, identify the feeling of the beautiful with the simple pleasure of sense. They reduce it to the

agreeable. This is why the Russian thinker who makes art consist in something else, goes on to exclude beauty from it as unnecessary, when on the contrary, if art is a sort of play by which beauty is produced, then on this definition, art is merely a more agreeable play than others. Hanslick sees nothing more than this in music, while Véron reduces all the arts to combinations of forms, lines, sounds, and colours suited merely to please the eye and ear. We must go farther. If everything that is agreeable belongs to art, there is no reason why we should exclude sensations of smell, of taste, or even of touch. We should include, then, the science of dress and, let us add, of cooking and perfuming!

Whatever truth there may be in the theory that the feeling of the beautiful is a pleasure of the senses, still it is erroneous on the whole because of what it overlooks and disregards. Æsthetic pleasure, and so much the more the feeling of the beautiful, is not really the simple pleasure of the senses, as of touch, taste, or smell, or of sight and hearing, the sort of agreeable called the "pretty." Although, moreover, it is not even an intellectual or moral pleasure, one of the intelligence which discovers the truth, or of will which attains the good—for æsthetic pleasure

certainly cannot be confounded with that of science, as is often claimed—still it is in some sort all these pleasures combined. It includes them all and sums them up. This is the secret of its prestige and power, as it is its distinctive character. Æsthetic pleasure is never experienced except in the functioning of emotion.

For this reason, Kant finds the sentiment of the beautiful is the harmonious and disinterested emotion which the æsthetic always is. He identifies it with this emotion.

This last theory is incontestable, although it does not give enough place to pleasure. Beauty is nothing more than that agreeable emotion which we feel in the presence of beautiful things. It is this internal play, the intimate and delightful enchantment that these things cause in us, the harmonious and integral expansion of all the powers of our nature in the function of feeling, with no end but their intrinsic development.

Nevertheless, though there may be some value in their analyses, the subjectivists do not teach us anything—and this is the most serious objection that can be brought against them—as to the worth of the æsthetic emotion. Furthermore, granted that the beautiful resides in this sort of emotion, they find it impossible to tell to what

it corresponds outside of us, so infinite is the variety, amounting to contradiction, of the objects which provoke it. A given work may produce it in some, and yet have no effect on others. Differences of appreciation between individuals are as great as between centuries and countries. That which affects one period, passes unnoticed in another ; that which excites one nation to enthusiasm is not understood by another. Gothic architecture, which delights us of the twentieth century, was disdained for several centuries before. Chinese art bewilders us of the West, while European art has a similar effect on the Chinese. The subjectivists hold that because æsthetic emotion depends on taste, which varies not only with circumstance of time and place, but also with individuals and periods, it is therefore the most individual of things ; and that it is, for this reason, the least open to argument. They place beauty in the self, thus confining it and hemming it in, so that all external ties are broken beyond repair.

This conclusion is not warranted. Even if beauty is purely internal and emotional in its origin, even if it never exists without æsthetic emotion, and even if it be no more than this emotion itself, still this does not necessitate our giving up all objective definition of beauty.

In fact, although nature is not beautiful, in the exact sense of the word, not being sufficient to cause æsthetic emotion, but needing the collaboration of the spectator, this does not seem to be the case with art. Whatever the participation that art exacts from its admirers, it seems, nevertheless, to give them, not perhaps necessarily, but naturally and freely, the impression of the beautiful. Language bears witness to this. And it also seems with this to give them something more than there is in its mere nature—something human which it contains. Without this superiority, art would have no charm, no *raison d'être*, since it is inferior to the real in every other respect. Does not this advantage that art possesses come from what man puts into it; from the æsthetic emotion which it embodies and which belongs to him; from the beauty, in short, which he introduces, and which he alone can introduce, since there is no æsthetic emotion other than that of man? This supposition is so much the more plausible in that the work of art actually arises from the emotion of the artist—the æsthetic emotion felt by him in the presence of nature. Is not this why art is valuable, why the most faithful copy is never a true work of art, and why a photograph

can never replace a portrait by a master? Indeed, there is some externalised—and hence external—beauty in every work of art, which is nothing but æsthetic emotion embodied, so to speak, in systems of forms, lines, colours, or sounds. Thus we explain how it is that, while nature is no more than the occasion of æsthetic emotion, the work of art arouses it naturally, and communicates it as the artist intended. Finally, the work of art provokes this emotion with so much assurance only because the emotion itself resides in it, and because beauty is literally an æsthetic emotion in a solidified and concrete form.

To sum up, the beautiful is nothing but æsthetic emotion, internal or external. Granted that all beauty comes from the self, being the creation of the individual and consequently subjective—at least in its origin—still there is also an objective beauty—that is to say, a beauty rendered communicable to others; it is the external manifestation of subjective beauty, or, in truth, subjective beauty externalised.

III

Objectively, the beautiful is art itself. The emotion it causes in the mind of the spectator

is merely the reverberation or echo of that which the artist has experienced. The emotion exists at the end only because it exists at the beginning. It is in art the alpha and omega, the root and the fruitage, the spring and the outlet.

It follows that if there is no art without beauty, there is no art—I do not say merely without emotion, but—without æsthetic emotion.

No work of art is without it. A work of art is distinguished from works of other sorts—not only from the industries, such as carpentry and pottery, but also from the inartistic in painting, sculpture, &c.—only in this : that it reveals æsthetic emotion, and may be classed according to the degree in which it contains it.

So too the harmony with which the parts of a work of art must be arranged, and the rhythm which disposes of these parts, are not only living but felt. They are, at bottom, nothing else than the harmony and rhythm which belong to æsthetic emotion, being, with the capacity for putting our whole disinterested activity into play, precisely one of the distinctive marks of art. Is not æsthetic emotion fundamentally creative of harmony ? Is it not this emotion that organises our images, our representations, our feelings—following the law of our deepest and most individual

life when that is of feeling — in an internal and psychic whole, which tends of itself to manifest itself outwardly, to translate itself into matter in which, by imparting to it its rhythm, it becomes incarnate. Theodore Rousseau said : "A painter does not create the picture on the canvas ; he merely lifts, one after another, the veils which hide it." He was right. It is, indeed, because the artistic creation is entirely internal and ordered by æsthetic emotion, that it is harmonious, since it aims finally at realising this harmony outside, at materialising it in the true. Are not the form, the technique even, the result, in some sort necessary, of this internal movement which has its origin in the soul of the artist ?

Moreover, if we proceed from the point of view of the dominance of our æsthetic feeling over all the elements which compose the work of art—just as Amphion put stories together only by the rhythm of his song—we cannot compare, and much less confound, the harmony which belongs to it with the symmetry which the reason imposes ; nor with that sort of harmony, purely rational also, which results, say in a locomotive or ship, from the intentional union of all the parts in a common end. This is the reason that the harmony

Parthenon, Athens.

In its solidity the Parthenon expresses the Greek rationalism.

The style of works of art expresses ideas by means of the sentiments.

of art does not consist in ornamentation or decoration, which, on the contrary, tend to destroy its unity; the Parthenon, for example, of which the simplicity is unquestionable, is a masterpiece, while the Zwinger is far from being one.

Beauty is so constitutive of the work of art, from the presence of the æsthetic emotion in it, that the artist differs from other men in having a sensibility that is richer, more delicate, and at the same time more disinterested. There is no true artist who does not feel himself thrilled by certain stimulations. Every true artist is sensitive and æsthetically sensitive, with a feeling of detachment from his grosser interests, in spite of which, and even in the midst of which, he is sensitively contemplative, so to speak.

The work of art, however, is only worth what the feeling of its author is worth. Its merit is in direct proportion to the depth and extent, or, in a more direct way, to the qualities of the particular emotion which arouses it and which explains it.

On the contrary, if there is no beauty without æsthetic emotion, it follows that there is objective beauty only in art, not in nature.

While nature serves incontestably as a starting-point and support for the spiritual beauty which it evokes through the presence of æsthetic emotion

in the mind of its devotees—an internal beauty which is the source of all other sorts, and consequently of all the arts, though it cannot be translated into them—it is enough that beauty felt in the presence of nature claims a great outgo of feeling on the part of him who is sensitive to her in his soul ; so that we are justified in not considering nature as producing beauty—that is, as being herself beautiful. This sort of creation is such that all those who admire nature are, at bottom, artists even though they produce nothing and never can produce anything ; even though they are powerless to give form to the visions which they see and they alone. This is so true that everyone admires nature in his own way, and if not according to his own idea, certainly at any rate to a certain degree individually, as the different interpretations of nature given to us by different painters and sculptors show.

Besides, we have failed so long to perceive that there is no beauty, properly so called, in nature, because we have not distinguished between the purely emotional beauty of works of art, and that which we attribute to nature.

Without reconsidering the differences between these two concepts—if the qualities which nature presents were sufficient to define beauty, we

should have to extend the meaning of this term, as Guyau tried to do, to everything which involves reference to an end, even that of utility. We should have to attribute the same beauty, the beauty of art, not only to everything living, but also to the products of industry. We see that this is not so, since the pleasure we take in viewing a masterpiece of art is not the same as that which we derive from a mechanical tool. Consequently, we should be compelled to consider art, which has only beauty for itself, inferior not only to living nature, but also to useful industry. Further, we should be obliged to consider art as the vainest of things—as Pascal thought in his disdain—an attitude which would be in sharp contradiction with the feeling of humanity. We could accept this as true, if we could understand how anything so futile could have been cultivated with such unanimity for so many centuries, and among so many nations, from the beginning of history.

In nature—which contains ugliness, since it contains disorder—we find the agreeable, the pretty, and the graceful, but it is important not to confuse these things, as we should not confuse perfection, with beauty. The agreeable is purely and simply that which is pleasing to the senses, and the pretty is merely an instance

of the same thing—the agreeable of hearing or sight; as we see, for example, in the case of certain statues, paintings, and pieces of religious and romantic music which, though very agreeable, are without æsthetic effect. How many pretty things there are which are not beautiful, and consequently, may not be works of art! It is enough to bring to mind the fashionable sort of portrait, which is really stiff and cold, showing neither emotion nor life, though at the same time its clever execution pleases the eye.

It is the same with the graceful. Whether it is found in a mere object or in a living being —the grace of the young girl or the grace of the springtime—it amounts, by reason of its simplicity and harmony, to the visual translation of abundant and agreeable activity, which appeals to the intellect rather than to feeling. The æsthetic is not involved in it. There are masterpieces without grace, such as the Moses of Michelangelo, as well as graceful trinkets without beauty. We do not mean that grace cannot be united with beauty, or that it cannot lend support to the beautiful. All Greek art proves the contrary. The fact of its possible union with beauty is perhaps the best proof that beauty differs from it, and, with it, from nature.

The beautiful belongs so exclusively to art that we find it in nature only at the instigation of the artist, the creator of beauty, so to speak, at his direction and following his lead. It is enough to consult the history of the feeling for nature to be convinced of this. This shows that it all comes from the artist's interpretations; that our admiration is measured by his; that it is broadened and deepened through his example; that it has its beginnings in his initiative. Is it not painting that has given us the taste not only for mountain and sea, which men of the seventeenth century could not tolerate, but also for natural scenery? By interpreting natural scenes through his emotion, the artist teaches us in turn to appreciate their harmonies. He calls forth in our souls the internal enchantment which their presence arouses in him. If at present we love nature not only in her calm and smiling moods, but also in her rough and violent activities; if we love her not only in her elevated manifestations, but in her humble products, it is to art, which shows us all her aspects vivified with its emotion, that we must give the honour. It is the same with the quality of this admiration. If our love of nature is not now the superficial esteem we used to

feel for it, it is again to art that we are indebted; for more than merely serving as a frame to nature, art has now given her a principal place. It is enough to cite the school of Corot, Millet, Theodore Rousseau, Daubigny, from whom, we might say, a new orientation of mind has been effected. All this is so true, that a region becomes much dearer to us; it "speaks," as it were, more fully to us, apart from any personal memories which it may arouse in us, according as it has been interpreted to us by more and greater artists. Our enjoyment of it is more vivid now that we have learnt to admire it in masterpieces of art. Is not the Forest of Fontainebleau, made famous by the Barbizon school, a striking example of this?

Nature may be the occasion of the æsthetic emotion which comes over us in her presence, but it can never be, like art, the sufficient cause. It is true that art does not always awake the feeling of the beautiful in everyone. There must, undoubtedly, be a certain delicacy of feeling. For lack of this many never feel the charm of art. Nevertheless, while this remark seems to bring art nearer to nature and to deny all objective beauty to it, it is incontestable that there is in the

slightest artistic work—a goblet or a piece of furniture—a power to stir the æsthetic emotion, which is not found in the reality; although it may fail in unfavourable conditions to spread itself abroad in some who show perversion of sensibility or lack of education.

If, as M. Arréat has justly remarked, we cannot limit the science of æsthetics to the study of works of art—understanding by beauty that which we have in ourselves as well as that which we outwardly express—art and objective beauty are, nevertheless, one and the same thing. They are both results of the activity of play by which æsthetic emotion advances.

IV

That æsthetic emotion is crystallised or externalised, made sensible, in short, by the help of sounds, colours, lines, and reliefs in works of architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, that art is essentially emotional in character, has been too little taken into consideration.

The work of art, the embodiment of the sensibility of the artist, which utters itself, so to speak, through it, aims only to arouse æsthetically others' sensibilities in turn: hence the distinction

between the representations which are not artistic, since they either arouse no emotion or—with no offence to Tolstoi—arouse them all (joy, pity, terror, &c.) except the æsthetic emotion itself, and others whose principal and perhaps sole characteristic is to excite it. Since art is intellectual merely to the extent that sensibility is so, it is an object of judgment only through its vehicle, the appreciation in which our feelings are expressed. A stranger to speech, art takes on its intelligent form only through intuition which is really sensible. In fact, the elements of the work of art which offer themselves to the grasp of the intelligence alone, the representative elements which constitute the theme, are not the important or characteristic thing. The object represented serves only as a motive or pretext for the work of art. Further, this is the real reason why a work of art does not consist either in the imitation of nature or in her correction, as being a more or less distant copy of a transcendent ideal.

The æsthetic value of a work of art is so independent of the interest of the subject that it does not attach to its singularity or novelty. Correggio's "Antiope" is not valuable æsthetically because it represents the nude, nor Rubens' "Kermesse" a scene of revelry. "The Marriage

RUBENS. *Kermesse.* [*Louvre.*

A morally indifferent work, with immoral subject.

The morality of a work of art is independent of the morality of the subject.

at Cana" is not true to life; and we do not know the identity of "The Man with the Glove."

That which gives incomparable value to the work of art, as something unique and of immeasurable force, is the personality of the artist, together with the emotion that expresses it. It is, in other words, the style which stamps or marks them both. So, too, there are as many great artists as original styles, if the greatness of an artist depends on his originality. That of a Mozart does not resemble that of a Beethoven; that of a Leonardo da Vinci, that of a Titian; nor that of a Mansard, that of a Gabriel. It is this that gives charm to their works, for it brings out the personal element in each. Since style is the direct manifestation of æsthetic emotion with all the shades and individual tonalities this implies; since it is, consequently, the objective expression of the internal law of activity of the senses, which presides over the organisation of visual or auditory images in the consciousness of the artist—being indeed this law externalised—style is really the element in comparison with which all others are indifferent. Technique is indispensable only in so far as it serves as a means to an end. That is why, although we cannot ignore the practical element in art—a matter that all the schools have understood—still it would

destroy art itself if it were made a matter of skill merely, as the partisans of "art for art's sake" have been too much inclined to do. In endeavouring to separate the form from the meaning or the spirit which animates it, but does not exist apart from it, they tended merely to isolate technique from art itself.

The singular importance of style in the arts is evident from the fact that the same subject can be indefinitely treated without becoming monotonous. "For six hundred years," writes Ozanam, "painting produced works of art treating continually of the Christ, the Virgin, and the Holy Family." We can say the same of certain other subjects which continue to supply art with themes. The majority of modern artists still treat Danaides, Apollo, Venus, and Cupid, which, after having served to delight all antiquity, lived to support both painting and sculpture for so many centuries. In spite of this uniformity of subject, the works are nevertheless different in character. What does it matter whether the theme be ancient if the treatment be new?—we may venture to say in spite of Chenier. Does not the sad dreaminess of Schumann evoke a Faust different from that which issues from the ardent imagination of Berlioz, the precision of Liszt, or the delicate tenderness of

Gounod? In art this is the critical thing. There is no model that cannot be utilised by the most different temperaments, though some, indeed, suit certain artists best. Under the passionate glance of Ruysdael nature appears dark, the stream rushes madly on, the wind chases the clouds, the leaves tremble; while in the work of Claude Lorrain the sun, reflected in a calm sea, shines radiantly in a tranquil sky. This variety, in which the intervention of the artist's peculiar talent is revealed, is what together with their intrinsic charm gives originality to works of art, in spite of the repetition of subjects and motives; so true is it that the things represented have only a secondary importance in art, while the manner in which they are portrayed, otherwise called the style, is, on the contrary, its cause and *raison d'être*.

As the emotional revelation of personality, art is, indeed, superior to nature. It is superior to her for the same reason that science and morality are. So too, contrary to the opinion of Groos, there is art only of man, not of animals, even though animal play seems to prefigure it. It is superior to nature in the same way that truth and moral goodness are, which though leaning on and arising from nature, nevertheless go beyond her

facts, sometimes even to the extent of modifying and contradicting them.

In their company, art institutes the reign of man, who partakes of animal nature only to dominate and become master of it. It is on the frontier, on the threshold ; issuing from personality, never unaccompanied by reason and the will, it is independent of reflection. This is, moreover, the reason why it has so much value for the simplest man ; and why it appeared long before science and literature.

Whatever form it may take, it is of the nature of art to ignore schools, dogmas, and parties. It is found wherever there is a sincere and truthful manifestation of genuine æsthetic personality. We find beautiful masterpieces in every school, at every period, and in all countries. Dutch painting is as much great art as Italian, the art of the seventeenth century as that of the sixteenth. Rubens and Raphael, Mozart and Beethoven, in spite of their differences, and even because of them, were equally geniuses. Everything enters into art ; see that of Japan ! It can treat nature freely, reforming her at its fancy, degrading her or exalting her, transforming her at its caprice, or recreating her at its desire. It is on this, indeed, that the symbolists base their doctrine.

Liberty is its law, originality its rule—not the affected and superficial extravagance which many mistake for originality, but that index of graphic refraction, that law of sensitive personality which exists deep down in all of us, and so much more in the heart of every true artist. Whether a work copies the reality, or whether, on the contrary, it changes it for better or for worse; whether it is realistic, idealistic, or of the nature of caricature, its artistic value does not depend in any way on these things. The beautiful body of a nymph may be depicted in mediocre painting, a work without beauty, while there are representations in which the heaviest figures, ugly to the extent of caricature, become genuinely beautiful. The most idealised "Sacré Cœur" cannot be compared with the least important of Rembrandt's "Christs," of which the anatomy is to some eyes far from perfect, just as the most elaborate chromo-lithograph is not so good as the slightest satirical work of Callot or Hogarth. Moreover, unless realism, idealism, or caricature arise from the sensibility of the artist, from the transformation this sensibility produces in things, by means of æsthetic emotion, they are devoid of meaning; quite the contrary to that which appears when they are the products of such a sensitive orientation.

These three become then full of meaning and equally legitimate ; all three give rise to beauty and issue in works of art.

We must conclude, then, that in art any subject is good, the most insignificant and ugly, no less than the most elevated and sublime. We can make masterpieces of the ugly, not only by reproducing it exactly, but even by strengthening and exaggerating it. This is because in reality the æsthetic emotion can utilise the ugly and embellish it, not in the sense of idealising it, but, in the truly æsthetic sense of the word, of penetrating and depicting it. Indeed the infirm, the monsters, the crippled and diseased of all kinds, abound in painting and in sculpture, as Dr. J. Paul Richer has pointed out, and we admire them ! The "Dance of Death" by Holbein is a masterpiece as well as the "Dead Saint Innocent" and the "Corpse" of Ligier Richier, which actually display the flesh of the dead. And we cannot say less of the devilries of Callot, Teniers, and Jerome Bosch, who exhibit to us a debauch of monstrosities each more horrible than the last.

It follows that there is no art, whether realistic or of the nature of caricature, without an ideal ; I do not say a logical or moral ideal, but an æsthetic one. This follows of itself. An affective,

JEROME BOSCH. *The Fall of the Wicked Angels.* [*Brussels.*

A masterpiece with the monstrous as subject.

The beauty of works of art is independent of the beauty of the subject.

unintellectual ideal must be present to the æsthetic individuality, to the æsthetic personality — no matter what the subject is of which it treats— whether the sensibility tends to modify things for good or evil, or to paint them as they are. For it is true that we have no tendency nor aspiration which does not project an ideal before it— a projected ideal which is in some way a concentration of our sensibility in the world on which we meditate, and which is still in process of change. This ideal sums up the sense and orientation of this world to such a degree that the æsthetic emotion seems in turn to be impossible without it, just as an attraction is impossible without the object which explains it and towards which it tends. Whether this ideal tends to modify the thing for better or for worse, or adapts itself strictly to it, still it is living in the heart of the artist in one case as in the other. Indeed, we might say, on thorough investigation, that all true art is idealistic. Whatever may be thought to the contrary, and whatever seems at first sight to be true, since this quality has never been really denied to realistic art, or to art of the nature of caricature, although the mere name of "idealism," not in itself important, has been denied to it.

Art is, then, essentially idealistic, an affective

manifestation of the personality of the artist. I do not mean that it is employed to correct reality. This is not the question. But it is employed in a deeper manner, as appears by the fact alone, that, whatever may be the point of view, it is nothing more than man added to nature—*homo additus naturæ*. The sensible man, of course, it is which is so added—the æsthetically sensitive—through whom the intellectual and moral man can be discerned. So true is this, that art may be described as nature embellished, nature transfigured by æsthetic emotion.

The world of art is, then, a world of beauty overlying the world of reality; a world arising from human sensibility which transforms nature at its pleasure—at the pleasure, that is, of the most sensitive of us, and of artists.

V

Art, however, is not so superior to nature that it is isolated and detached from her. It is not merely caprice or fancy. On the contrary, it owes much to nature.

It borrows its materials from her, as Cherbuliez has pointed out. Sounds, lines, colours, reliefs, are in art only because they surround us in nature.

They serve as signs for art, just as they do for reality, which is revealed to us only through them.

Further, art takes its motives from nature. We are struck by this in the modes of decoration which show the fauna or flora conventionalised. Is it not the trunk of the tree which suggested the column ; the song of the bird, melody ; just as it is undoubtedly the varied spectacle of the world which supplies the motives of painting and sculpture ? Have not artists at all times portrayed what they saw and heard ?

But above all, art cannot dispense with nature because, however personal it may be, it must interpret her. If style is the foundation of the work ; if it reveals its deepest sense, both social and individual ; if it speaks to us directly in the language of the soul without the use of words ; if it is the crystallised emotion of the artist, always fit also to embody itself in the sensibilities of others ; still, like the movements of the soul which it expresses, it cannot exist without the object which is its occasion and which becomes its subject-matter. It is inspired by truth. In the art of designing, it is external nature which takes this part, except when it is taken, as in allegorical or religious sculpture and painting, by the feelings themselves of the artist. In architecture and

music, it is subjective nature, the psychic world, which serves as a theme, except when it is not purely descriptive, as in the "Desert" by Félicien David, or "The Seasons" by Haydn. Even the feelings that move the musician are aroused in him by some scene, as is undeniably the case with "The Pastoral Symphony," or with "A Summer-day in the Mountains," by Vincent d'Indy. In all these cases, art is inspired by physical or moral nature. In spite of variations, nature provides us with data for art. On this it works, and, whether unconsciously or not, on this it improves.

The subject is not so unimportant as certain writers on æsthetics would have it, who are justly found in reaction against the common opinion which sees in the work of art nothing but the object represented—making this the principal element, and judging it with reference to its qualities as being striking, pathetic, or pleasurable, as though the truly æsthetic qualities were entirely subsidiary. The sure effect of such views would be to misconstrue what is truly artistic in the work, and to make it subsidiary to literary or other renderings of fact. On the contrary, we must be careful not to go to the other extreme, denying all importance to the

subject, and considering art merely a matter of fancy or technique.

Both these extreme opinions are based upon the superficial view, according to which the work of art is explained without reference to its source in the æsthetic emotion, which is its *raison d'être*, and without which all else is vain.

This emotion is not produced without the initial stimulus of an object, which not only stirs it up, but contributes essentially to its meaning. The sensibility of an artist cannot be experienced in a void; it is coloured by that which affects it. Internal images which arouse again the sensations in which they had their origin, perhaps transposing their order, do not avail unless they bear the mark of the external world which provoked them. The sensibility of the artist vibrates everywhere it is susceptible of vibrating; it responds only to that which interests it, and when it interests it. The sensorial impressions are due, in short, to the object only in so far as they embody this response to the subject; but it is none the less true that they embody this response of the subject only under the solicitation of the object. The artist is moved only by the spectacle of that which in some way resembles his feeling; he perceives

things only so far as they are suited to his feeling. The æsthetic emotion proper is born from this participation of feeling, and felt from their reciprocal action—their collaboration, so to speak. Although personal in its moods, it is nevertheless not so completely personal as not to give us, by reason of this synthesis and reciprocity, incarnate in an appropriate style, something of its object as well as something of itself.

Is not the artist really one who, by reason of the freshness and innocence of his sensibility, enters into direct communication with the world, a sensibility which makes him, more than others, sensitive to the play of shadow and light, the gleam of colours, the movement of lines, and the melody and pitch of sounds? Relieved by the play of his native spontaneity from the prejudices, ideas, and ready-made formulas which ordinarily come between us and the world as a screen, hiding it from our sight and hearing, he feels the primitive elements of sensation and tastes of their original flavour, with the ingenuousness and refinement of the little child. Hospitable to all that is pleasing in light and sound, he is a man to whom the external world presents itself with a richness that is inexhaustible and constantly renewed; he sees in it more

than others do; he does not interpret it by conventional or rational theories, but he penetrates into it for himself. Differing from the ordinary man who derives from the world only the satisfaction of his appetite, and uses it in the exercise of his customary habits, the artist sees in it more than a useful instrument, fitted to satisfy his needs. Freed from the slavery of personal interest, both practical and theoretical, he surveys objects at his pleasure, simply because they please him. The running water, the rustling foliage, the warbling birds, charm and astonish him. He contemplates everything in a disinterested way, finding pleasure in it because of the delicate sensibility which responds to things without, as a well-tuned instrument vibrates to modulated and varied excitations. He is attracted by the variety of the world, its diversity and multiplicity, not, like the savant, by its uniformity and regularity, its lifeless monotony of repetition. Nothing for him repeats itself; everything has its charm, its superficial individuality. He distinguishes where we confuse. To-day a painter cannot with impunity take one tree for another, cannot substitute a resting animal for a moving one, as we do with our obtuse senses and tendencies to classification. The true artist sees

differences undreamed of by the average man; he perceives the unseen and the unheard, just because he comes more directly in contact with the world, thanks to the æsthetic emotion which is born of this contact. "I do not know what these mere trees are saying to each other," wrote Millet, "but they are saying something we do not understand, because we do not speak the same language." This is only half true. The artist may not be able to interpret in discursive language what things say; he may be more incapable than any one else of doing this; but nevertheless he becomes by intuition more intimate with them than Millet thought—not intimate merely, but at one with them. This is so true that the artist constantly despairs of being able to express all he feels.

What we call originality, instead of being a hindrance, encompassing the artist in his dream, is in fact the window which looks out on to reality, the point from which his sensibility is the most alive. It is the rent in the veil which hides nature from most men, the opening through which the artist perceives her, the side on which he is united to her. It is on the side of his originality that one artist is more sensitive to the world of sounds, another to that of colours, another to that of lines.

It is by reason of it that one painter, for instance, prefers the tranquillity of the fields, another the tumult of battles, and still another the sweetness of women's faces. Besides deciding his vocation and influencing his personal style, it guides his choice of a subject—less on intellectual grounds than by reason of sensitive harmony or æsthetic agreement, an emotional intercourse between the artist and things. It gives to each his point of view, many painters, for example, treating the same model from different aspects. Originality is not, to define it, an exclusion but a communion. It is through it that the woof of the habits of each artist is woven, thanks to the magic of a well-endowed sensibility which is in direct communication with certain aspects of nature.

The result of this is that, far from confining the artist to the domain of pure fancy, originality is the guarantee of his truthfulness. The more original an artist is, the more chance he has of penetrating reality ; since he is more capable of entering into immediate contact with it at many points, more capable of feeling its infinite complexity. On the contrary, the artists with more mediocre temperament are condemned to a purely superficial exactness. They know nothing of the essence of things, of their hidden and intimate

life, since their sensibility is not sufficiently alive and free from convention to sympathise with nature. How often they rival the photographer, confusing appearance with reality! They bring to light the externals of things, failing to penetrate beneath the surface. This shows itself also in the extravagance of their work, which marks it as superficial. On the contrary, his originality leads the true artist to penetrate the secrets of things. It is the necessary and essential condition of further discovery. It prepares the artist for discovery, and invites him to undertake it, leading him to find the living soul under cover of sensorial impressions; or rather, he restores this soul according to the marks his sensations keep of it. This is done by force of the creative imagination which tries to make something of this soul live again in the work of art, the something which has lived for an instant in the emotion aroused in the heart of the artist, by the spectacle of the universe.

While, then, the subject is important, it is so in a way different from that usually understood. Its value is not measured by anything intrinsic, independent of æsthetic interpretation. A bit of water well painted is better than a marine painting which lacks inspiration; a common interior

LEONARDO DA VINCI. *La Joconde.* [*Louvre.*

Every masterpiece is perfect in execution.

The execution of a work of art should translate as exactly as possible the emotion which inspired it.

by Jan Steen, to a "Madonna" by Jouvenet; an expressive song, to a soulless symphony. This has caused it to be said that in art nothing counts but expression, since there is no object so humble that it cannot furnish material for a masterpiece. Although the worth of a subject is valued only according to what the artist can derive from it, to what he has seen, felt, and shown in it, or what he has evoked from it—not by devices of detail or by means foreign to his art, but by his style itself—the subject, like the emotion from which it proceeds, is not so isolated from the world, so purely subjective, that it does not depend on the objective, and conform partly to it. It is on account of this dependence that material sound and texture have their characteristic rendering. For art the peasant's joy is not the same as that of the angel. Each thing calls for a certain style of its own, a certain suitability of interpretation in accordance with its nature, whether profound or superficial. This interpretation must not be rigid and set, but moving between limits, as if in response to certain demands. The painting of the Doge of Venice, for example, has its style, as has that of a piece of china; the style that represents the "Joconde," must be more supple and elevated than that suited

to render the sheen of copper. The more elevated the model, the more it seems to require higher qualities in the artist ; so that even where there is equality of merit in the rendering—supposing that to be possible—a portrait is superior to a landscape, a landscape to a "still life," the "Syndics" of Rembrandt to a "Pâté" of Chardin ; simply because it is the more complex and significant objects that style should prefer, and that it should interpret in part, at least, under pain of losing its birthright.

From this point of view, the subject is of so much importance that the artist should take account of it. Besides the fact that certain subjects are more fitted than others to certain styles, style is also adapted, in turn, to the subject. Although the subject evidently does not derive its importance from its intellectual or superficial elements, it still plays a considerable rôle through its action on the artistic sensibility, both æsthetic and sentimental. Both are important : the value of the sentiment which he portrays and that of sensibility which is found in him. This sensibility is, in a state more or less confused, at the root of all existence, even the lowest, so that we may say with Amiel, not only that a landscape is a "state of the soul," the soul of the spectator, but also of the souls of the things of which it is composed.

Personality and nature, subject and object, are thus indispensable factors of the work of art. If one cannot be found without the other, and one only by means of the other, style, which is the synthesis of the work of art, cannot exist any more without an object than without an artist. The saying of Voltaire, "style is the thing," is no less true when interpreted in terms of personality, than the famous aphorism of Buffon that style is man.

We find, finally, that the work of art is the ineffable synthesis of the subject and the object, of the person of the artist with living things and objects which arouse him. Involving this intuitive knowledge, which is affective and in the highest sense of the word practical, there is no work of art which does not contain something foreign to the artist, which unites with his æsthetic emotion and loses itself in it.

Furthermore, the beautiful as such exists in art and in consciousness only by the aid of the external world. Although it is purely human, art does not create beauty of any kind: nature already announces it. She serves as prelude and forerunner, not only on account of her qualities of unity, order, and harmony which are found wherever there is finality—as well in the animal

and plant as in a machine or piece of furniture—but also, and especially, because she contains, not æsthetic emotion indeed, but spontaneity. We might say that she has a sensibility not found in the common objects of human industry. This sensibility or appetite, of which we have already spoken, which is the ground of all that takes place in the world, spends itself in a wealth of activities which can be compared to play. If nature does not possess beauty properly so called, she is nevertheless the framework of it. This explains why, although she does not arouse æsthetic emotion naturally, nevertheless she is the condition of it; for if it were absolutely foreign to her, we could hardly explain how she could contribute to its awakening. In fact, the ordinary view is quite right; for while requiring works of art in order to enjoy nature, we attribute beauty to her, unduly it is true, but not without reason. Although nature is not really beautiful in the exact and rigorous sense of the word, still she is so in the broad and usual meaning, in so far as it is synonymous with true harmony.

In this second sense we might even say, not that everything in nature is beautiful, since there is disorder there—sickness, for example—but that there is beauty everywhere, even in ugliness. Is

CANOVA. *Perseus.* [*Vatican.*

A mediocre work in spite of the perfection of form.

LEGROS. *Æsop.* [*Versailles.*

A masterpiece showing infirmity.

Mere perfection of form does not constitute the beauty of works of art.

not ugliness composed of beautiful parts—as has been said of the face of Satan—existing arbitrarily and without order? It is indeed a rupture of equilibrium, the disorganisation of a whole, the result of a conflict of active finalities, which in spite of their opposition are nevertheless each for itself elements of harmony. This is so true that we may hold in this sense that, apart from medicinal considerations, physical defects and infirmities may be beautiful—apart, of course, from the disorder which they introduce in the whole, and from the ugly monstrosities which they produce. These antagonistic finalities are so susceptible of a certain kind of perfection, that they sometimes give harmony to the whole individual. There are, for example, humpbacks that may be called beautiful in the broad sense of the word—humpbacks whose defect has influenced the whole organism, modifying it down to the smallest part. The "Æsop" of Legros is an example of this.

The subject communicates to the work of art something which we have not the right to call beauty, but which is in a sense equivalent to it. While all subjects are good, as we now see, because there are none which, in spite of their undoubted ugliness, do not have some æsthetic value; still some contribute more than others to

æsthetic emotion in all the range of art. In nature there is, indeed, a hierarchy of values, ordered according to the relative extent and elevation of the ends which they embody. Thus, if each race has its ideal type, the white race, being considered superior to the black, would be judged the more beautiful. Just as Greek drapery, which allows the shape to be divined, lends itself better to statuary than the modern dress, so the living figure of a youth is worth more as a subject of painting than a dead thing of any sort. Allowing that our modern machines have an æsthetic side, still it is less marked than in former times, because they do not show so clearly what they are meant for. A cotton mill, for example, is less expressive of what takes place in it than the interior of a weaving-room, as Ruskin saw it. At the same time, we must remember that it is not the subjects with qualities intrinsically the highest which are the easiest to render ; for with these the artist must rise to the same level in his feeling. Nothing is colder or more pitiful than works in which the brilliancy of the subject surpasses the force of the emotion which tries to translate it. This seems to be the fault in certain canvases of Guérin or of Girodet-Trioson, not to mention the marbles of Pradier and the " Pathetic Symphony " of Tchäikowsky.

To sum up, all that is artistic—all true beauty—finds more than its support, its condition, and its preface in nature. Nature is the source from which the artist should eternally borrow. Although she does not rise to art and beauty herself, she is still that without which neither art nor beauty could exist. She is the school to which the artist should always go. Although he excels her, and must do so, still he ought not to scorn her. Idealism, realism, and caricature, which are merely different ways of looking at the world, are reunited anew, not only by what they borrow from nature, but because they find the condition of æsthetic emotion indispensable in what we are accustomed to call her beauty, which abounds everywhere, even in her ugliness. They take from her in common the ideal which lives in her ; for the so-called beauty of nature, or rather, that which gives us a glimpse of her spirit and causes us to desire her, comes from her own activity, looked upon as psychical, which has already a sensible ideal—doubtless more or less vague and obscure—present in her, the principle of life and progress. From this point of view, idealism, realism, and caricature are blended again in a common idealism, no longer subjective now, but objective ; from which it follows that art is doubly idealistic, first on account

of the artist, but also on account of the nature he interprets.

Nature and the artist, the subject and the emotion, are in reality so united that we may estimate the development of the æsthetic ideal through the ages, by the choice of subjects; these, indeed, were deeper and consequently more expressive—as Hegel has shown—in the Middle Ages than in Greek antiquity, and in Greek than in Oriental antiquity. It is plain that a "Christ" expresses greater complexity of sentiments than a "Hermes," and this in its turn than the "Colossus of Memnon." It is not merely the enlargement of the subject which, with the same degree of comprehension, bears witness to the enlargement of the ideal. Although it was man alone that had place in the art of the Greeks, who cared for nothing else; although, further, waters, fields, and woods occupy only a small place in the art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when they were not loved for their own sake; nevertheless, natural spectacles abound in modern works of art. Have not Diaz, Baud-Bovy, and Mesdag taken as subjects for their pictures only forest, mountain, and sea? And have not Corot and Turner given us a revelation in the treatment of light?

COROT. *Morning Landscape.* [*Louvre.*

Style reveals the spirit of the beings or things it interprets.

Is it not "La Provence" and the "Orient" that Bizet and Félicien David have sung, in the "Arlésienne" and "Lalla-Roukh"? We cannot wish for a better sign of the evolution of sensibility and, so to speak, of the intelligence, which now, more than ever, recognises that there is nothing unworthy under the sun.

Art, finally, is not only man added to nature; it is nature interpreted by man, penetrated and expressed by him. It is, in reality, the beauty of nature transformed by his magic into true beauty. Neither a copy nor an absolute creation, art is inspired by reality to produce the new, by the unison or synthesis—which it absorbs and causes to reappear in a kind of æsthetic emotion—of elements which belong to the artist on the one hand, and, on the other hand, to the world of things external and things of the mind.

VI

If art is a play productive of beauty, it must then be a serious play.

Pleasure, evidently sensuous in character, is the end of art: pleasure of the entire sensibility, of sentiment and intellect as well as of the senses. It is evident, therefore, that the practical

arts such as cooking, perfuming, costuming, &c., are not fine arts. Called arts in the sense of technical processes, these modes of activity are not æsthetic arts, since they aim simply at the agreeable. A sweet smell and a good taste do not cause æsthetic emotion, any more than they arise from it. To produce them, the only thing necessary is skill; the cook or the perfumer does not need even an especially delicate sense of taste or smell. If the pleasure is more elevated, as in the case of sight, the most intellectual of our senses, still it may be only a simple pleasure, the result of a more or less happy arrangement of lines and colours. The taste which it shows does not go beyond a certain appreciation of harmony. No more can the dance be placed in the rank of the fine arts, properly so-called, because it is not perpetuated in durable works, and also because its only object is grace, which is no more beautiful than the merely pretty which it attains.

There can be no doubt that the merely agreeable, the pleasure of the senses, may become the occasion of æsthetic emotion, as can anything else. In order to account for the difference between the agreeable and the æsthetic, we need only notice that an agreeable sensation is always only

the indirect occasion, so to speak, of æsthetic emotion. It arouses in the mind of the artist sentiments which come to be the true and only material of art. As in the story told of M. Massenet, a glass of Alicante may remind one of Spain, and, thanks to this evocation, incite to melody. How true this may be of a coat or a dress! If we are to believe M. Camille Mauclair, there are "*fumeurs d'âmes*," that is to say, men in whom the imaginations aroused by smoking become materials for art. Thus may opium and hashish contribute to æsthetics!

Although æsthetic emotion cannot be reduced to the agreeable, it none the less gives pleasure to the senses. We must not forget this. It is for the same reason that literature cannot be considered as one of the fine arts, since it does not employ sensible, natural, and immediate signs, but words which are conventional and indirect. In opposition to the arts, which address themselves directly to the senses and touch the mind, so to speak, through them—the lines, sounds, and colours which they use being apprehended in this way—literature makes use of the senses only as intermediaries, nothing more; it is not directly interested in them.

Certainly this does not mean that literature is

not capable of translating æsthetic emotion in its own way—that it cannot, and should not, attain beauty, and transmute itself into works of art; it does not mean, in short, that it must renounce its title of *Belles-Lettres*. It would be a grave mistake to think that it did. Although literature expresses the sentiments more or less indirectly, nevertheless it can express them, and with them æsthetic emotion. Inferior to the fine arts, as such, on account of this indirectness, it sums them all up and synthesizes them, since it is capable—thanks to the indifference or neutrality, from the sensuous point of view, of the signs which it employs—of arousing in our minds, simultaneously or in succession, the images belonging not merely to sight and hearing, but to all the senses at once, which the author has tried to put in words. The prose of Loti illustrates this well. Nevertheless, although it is in this sense superior, and although in the form of poetry it affects the ear directly through rhythm, still literature cannot be classed among the fine arts, properly so-called, because instead of using—as painting, sculpture, architecture, and music do—only affective signs, which are natural, direct, and immediately understood by all, it employs words, intellectual and purely representative signs, which

always have to be interpreted in order to express the sensations and images which they invoke. This necessity, under which literature labours, of employing means foreign, so to speak, to its end, gives to it an æsthetic, and not merely an artistic, inferiority which is hardly counterbalanced by the advantages which I have just enumerated.

On the other hand, fine art is so sensuous, in the good meaning of the word and under the reservations just made, that there is really no good qualification other than that which divides the arts into two classes : architecture, sculpture, and painting, the arts of sight ; and music, the art of hearing. On full consideration we see that the division often made of the arts into those of space and those of time, comes to the same thing, since the visual sensations involve space, just as the auditory are confined to time. This classification has, furthermore, the advantage of bringing to light the unity of the different arts—whether they are major or minor, independent of utility or bound up with it—not only in their essence, but also in their means of expression.

A serious play, it is an agreeable one just the same. While not reducing itself to this, still beauty is dependent on the harmony of the senses. It is in order to appeal directly to the

mind through the senses that the material of the work of art unites with its form, the æsthetic emotion with what it expresses, the beautiful with what it reveals.

Art, the synthesis of nature and human sensibility, we may conclude, is neither an imitation nor a reflection. Nor is it that which purely and simply pleases or awakens emotion. It is not identical with the whole that æsthetic emotion includes, or even with that which excites the agreeable emotion, the most integral and disinterested. It is, on the contrary, this æsthetic emotion itself solidified and crystallised, so to speak, in forms, lines, colours, and sounds. It is this emotion rendered visible to every eye, sensible to every ear : in art nothing is valuable save in and by this emotion. The work of art has no genuine effect except as it provokes in others the æsthetic emotion of the artist from whence it springs.

The incarnation of æsthetic emotion, in which beauty is embodied, art is a play which interprets that beauty. Transfused with this emotion, art can no more exist without beauty than can objective beauty exist without it ; although all beauty, and consequently all the æsthetic, is far from being comprised in its domain. Although its

rôle is not to complete nature, and still less to correct her, nevertheless art transfigures her by clothing her with the splendour that she excites, so to speak, in our minds, more especially in that of the artist. Whether it be realistic, idealistic, or of the order of caricature, art adorns nature in the profound emotional sense of the word. It raises her higher in that it adds the human and disinterested sensibility of beauty to that which she already possesses.

THE RÔLE OF ART

CHAPTER II

WHAT A WORK OF ART TEACHES

Every work of art worthy of the name is full of meaning and rich in instruction; not only in what it represents on the purely intellectual side, but especially in the emotion it kindles. Historians who compare its ancient products with other relics of the past, such as faded costumes and documents yellow with age, which bear only the marks of life that has been, do not seem to consider this. Careful to utilise the most trivial indications as means of instruction, many of them fail to give themselves up to their æsthetic charm, and scorn it as something superfluous. It does not occur to them that, since works of art are first of all things of beauty made to kindle emotion, they lose by this procedure the most precious element of meaning, even for the knowledge of bygone ages, of which they are the surviving witnesses, through the action they exercise on us. It is important, not only in the interests of history, but in our own interest and in that

of art, to react against the exclusiveness which, by reason of its documentary pre-occupations, neglects the æsthetic value of artistic productions, and forgets, in its narrowness, that they are invaluable witnesses of the past. It is fitting to point out the importance and diversity of the abundant lessons which every true work of art, quite apart from history, offers to him who regards it fondly and questions it respectfully. It is fitting to take this point of view, from which the work of art appears as something unique and incomparable.

I

Evidently, there is no work of art which does not have a subject representing something. Music is a recitation; painting and sculpture call up images; architecture has a purpose. Borrowing from contemporary manners, which it depicts in some way—as is seen, for example, in the costumes of the personages represented in the illumination of Biblical manuscripts—it furnishes valuable indications of life in early times. Thus we may follow armies on the battlefields; the artisan's shop is opened to us; and the homes of the people; we witness the display of courts and the pomp of ceremony at different epochs.

Better than history, art describes and makes live again before our eyes the intimate life—commercial, religious, military, public and private—of bygone centuries. Better than books, which neglect many details from which its physiognomy might be read, art invokes it fully before our eyes, in all its complexity. The art of an ancient people revives their decayed civilisation, representing their costumes, the modes of construction and disposition of their monuments, &c. We know the Assyrians mainly by their palaces, their friezes, and their bas-reliefs ; the customs of Egypt by its pyramids, its temples, and its obelisks. Creeds, customs, and superstitions are engraved upon the sides of their sarcophagi, painted on the walls of their buildings. The colossal walls of Thrace, the majestic funereal domes of Mycenæ throw light upon the origins of Greece ; the spirit of Rome appears in its choice of monuments, forums, and triumphal arches, baths and amphitheatres, temples and aqueducts ; the thirteenth century is revealed in its dungeons and cathedrals, the Renaissance in its chateaux. The statues which surround the archivolts and capitals in churches, the miniatures found in Books of Hours, show us the artisan and peasant at work during the Middle Ages. It is thus that Abraham Bosse and Jacques

Callot tell us of the life of the beggars and common people during the absolute monarchy, under the shadow of the court; and there is no better evidence as to the bourgeoisie at the end of the eighteenth century than the pictures of Chardin. We might multiply examples, recalling works of art in painting, sculpture, and engraving which preserve for us features of celebrated personages; we might enumerate the services rendered constantly by iconography to the history of costumes, furniture, trades, and civilisation in general; and to that of political events in particular, treaties, battles, funerals, and coronations. We might show, finally, that it is through the ideas suggested by their allegorical and religious subjects that paintings by Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel and the "Loggie" by Raphael instruct us in the Christian theology, just as the decoration of the Grottos of Ellorah instructs us in Brahmanistic, and that of Olympia in that of the Greeks. So it is true that from the fresco paintings of the catacombs to those of H. Flandrin, we can follow the progress of Catholic dogma by the illustrations they give of it.

In spite of all that may be said, it is not the subject which gives to works of art the originality belonging to them and to them only; nor is it

that in which the lesson of art differs from that of literature. Whatever aid the historian can expect from such representations, it is not in them that works of art give him the greatest aid. Considering the historical interest of the scenes or figures represented, the most insipid and coarsest work devoid of art may be of more importance than a masterpiece. In this respect the "Night Watch" by Rembrandt may be worth no more than a barbarous chromo; and the "Madonna of Foligno" by Raphael less than the popular prints inspired by events of public life. Plates, pipe-heads, and caricatures of the revolutionary period present the incidents of that time better than do the romances of J. L. David.

Since the true meaning of the work of art, and consequently the reason of its depth and significance, is to be sought in its character, the *quid proprium* or essence, which consists in the interpretation of the artist and his style—the mark of the man and of the sentiment he experiences in the presence of nature—it is in this that the work of art is instructive. Since everything else is accessory and subordinate, it is to this that we must look; it is here that we must make our chief enquiry. Consequently, a work of art of any kind must be felt,

if we would appreciate all its contents, gain all its instruction, as the word "æsthetic" bears witness. To understand a work of art, we must penetrate its style, discover the internal law on which its signification depends behind the veil of lines, colours, and sounds, which, fusing with it, enhance rather than diminish it. But since we cannot find this law without analysing the work of art, we must remake it in order to understand it. If we would partake of this sensible law, we must have our sensibilities aroused by it. No matter what we demand of works of art, æsthetic emotion in their presence is indispensable; it is a preliminary condition without which the veil of sensation, which, to the sympathetic observer, reveals what it covers, remains opaque and forever drawn. The law of life which is the principle of every truly beautiful work—its soul, so to speak, individual and singular—only reveals itself to those who are thrilled in sympathy with it. It yields up entirely the lessons it contains, untranslatable in the language of words, only to those whom beauty moves. Doubtless notional analysis of style has its use, but it does not discover the depths of the works of art; it can be undertaken with profit only in union with æsthetic pleasure and by its guiding light, so to speak;

Head of Apollo. [*British Museum.*

Seated Scribe. [*Louvre.*

The subjects vary through history in proportion to the depth of the æsthetic ideal.

otherwise it amounts only to an external and superficial examination.

This is the limitation, intellectually speaking, of the work of art, that it exacts on the part of those who study it, a sensibility of choice, a taste for the beautiful which is the gift of nature and which education can only develop and enlarge, but not replace. Besides, its teachings can be translated verbally only in part; they proceed by the contagion of example and suggestion. By these we invite others to partake of our admiration, but we do not impose it upon them. But this is also the secret of its force; not only of its social force as such, so often dwelt upon, and not only of its stimulating force, but also of its force for knowledge. It is the last of these to which we shall give attention.

Although there are few natures totally lacking from birth in æsthetic sensibility—for this sense is more common than is usually thought, in spite of the bad effects that a too intellectual education has upon it, and it is perhaps only the purely intellectual who are defective by reason of their incapacity of perceiving that which cannot be translated into clear concepts—nevertheless the intuition that we gain in the admiration of masterpieces of art, confused and hidden as it may seem to be,

is none the less the deepest, most complex, and most significant of all our knowledge. This intuition has, indeed, a rational side through its attachment to all sorts of objects, so that through it the discursive intelligence extends its domain more than would appear superficially to that which ordinarily escapes it. That which seems as a loss to the intelligence turns out to be a peculiar benefit, since the sensibility enriches the intellect with meanings, which left to itself, reflection could not attain. The sensibility completes and renews, by rendering them vivid, ideas which are traditional and familiar. Finally, since the work of art appeals to the imagination only by arousing the sensibility, it owes to this peculiarity the power of translating things which escape the mere intelligence, and which literary methods are powerless to express. Thanks to this, the "Vénus de Milo," for example, expresses what no poem can render; it has a meaning all its own.

So, too, it is from this point of view, by reason of the richness of such intuitive knowledge, the more penetrating since more emotional, that familiarity with works of art is of incomparable value to the historian. It renders to him a unique service, more important than that which is rendered by the dry images of fact.

II

If the work of art teaches us only by its style —that is to say, by the individuality which is manifested in the style—it teaches us, then, first of all, something of the personality of the author.

When we are moved by a work of art, we call back into being, in a liberal sense, in proportion as our feeling is profound, the emotion that inspired it. We suffer with Beethoven, adore with Fra Angelico, meditate with Rembrandt; not with suffering, adoration, or meditation in general, but with that which they felt in conceiving their work. The emotion which we experience is the same as theirs. It is unique and individual. It has its own colouring and shading, that of the personality which experienced it and embodied it in the work of art.

Do not the singularity, the unique impression, the originality, the incessant novelty in short, of the work of art come from what the artist puts into it—his dreams, his sadness, his ambitions, his hopes and all that lives and palpitates in his breast? There is no really artistic work which does not carry a world of meaning in its lines or in its melody, the mental world of its author.

The painter and the musician sing and paint themselves into their productions, with all the qualities of heart and mind that make them what they are.

When we assimilate the feeling of an artist by contemplating his work, we take possession of this internal world, we live it again with the emotion which proceeds from it. We revive his personality in us according to the strength of our emotion. We revive it with its colouring, its thousand varying shades with its particular rhythm and timbre, which come as so many modulations to vary its tone. The work of art, loved and enjoyed, enlarges our personality by means of the artist's. Does not the transport of joy which a masterpiece arouses, the sentiment of expansion which accompanies all really strong artistic emotion, come from the enlargement of the self, which thrills in unison with another? The richness of his personality fills the self and draws it in the direction of his activity.

When we have thus identified ourselves an instant with a Raphael, a Mozart, or a Phidias, the knowledge of their temperaments reacts upon our insight. In penetrating thus into the heart of the artist, we understand his originality in its living synthesis. We feel, in very fact, the nobility

of Poussin, the ingenuity of Palestrina, the passion of Berlioz, the grace of Watteau. We live the æsthetic personality of each one of them, and through its assistance, the human personality which envelops and supports it. We communicate directly with humanity in encountering them. If explicit knowledge cannot render in its forms all this acquired meaning ; if it necessarily leaves out all that which cannot be put into words—to such a degree that, in art, nothing can replace direct contemplation ; even the most exact reproduction loses the most delicate shades of meaning —it nevertheless profits from such a digression. It carries away with it, in a mass of emotion, numerous glimpses which enlighten what is obscure, enrich our comprehension of the artist, and render our ideas more exact. The proof of it is that art criticism where favourable and just makes constant progress in the appreciation of works and of men. The road of research is always open, and discoveries are always possible, since appreciation is never exhaustive ; so complex and subtle is art. How many painters and musicians —often men of genius—there are, who, although misjudged at the outset by their contemporaries, have later established themselves in public admiration, owing to the elucidation given by those who

through chance or by natural affinity have understood them better! In like manner a competent traveller may initiate others who follow him in the mysteries of the countries he traverses.

The history of art is incessantly enriched by the profit resulting from such communion with the masters. This is an ever-living source, without which everything else—learned works giving dates, biographies, details of place, school, matter and method—is as a dead letter, or a vain hope, no matter how useful and indispensable these details become when subordinated to it. Just as a passport is interesting only to those who know, directly or indirectly, by word or deed, the person it describes; so learned treatises can have real value only for those who have seen the works of art themselves. It is familiarity alone which enlarges and simplifies our knowledge of the artist, revealing to us his intimate penetration, profound sympathy, and integral comprehension of that which art embodies and which language strives to express.

III

However personal and original the style of an artist may be, it is necessarily influenced by his

contemporaries. In this way, again, the work informs us.

Is there not a sort of family resemblance, not only in the works of painting and sculpture, but in all the arts of the same period? These resemblances produce a definite style which stamps the works of a period as proceeding from a certain similarity of sentiment thus originated. This is what we mean when we speak of a Regency Style, and an Empire Style, indicating them by the period in which they flourished.

Every artist belongs to one country, lives in one period of its history, and belongs to a particular society; he shares at least in part the ideas of this society, its tastes, beliefs, sentiments, and impressions; he conforms more or less to its point of view and way of feeling. All of these influences act on him just as he reacts on them. They contribute the environment in which he lives, the atmosphere that he breathes. From them his personality imbibes the elements of which it is formed and by which it matures. It assimilates them variously, and transforms them, it is true, in the development of its own originality, but without being able to hide altogether its social origin, nor to free itself completely from its indebtedness to society. As great as they were,

neither Raphael nor Phidias would have been in all points what they were if one had not lived in the time of Pericles, the other in the court of Leo X. The society of which the artist is naturally a member, saturates his personality, acting directly and indirectly upon his sensibility; for it is the nature of the artist not only to surpass others, to be more open to impressions, sentiments, and emotions which reflect those of society, but also to express these ideas, opinions, and beliefs in emotional language.

The most original style has its social side, which distinguishes it in comparison with others. Works of art show better than those of literature what we usually call the spirit of the times, which is, above all, a way of thinking, a manner of looking at things and of treating them. It is only the influence of the most restricted group, such as the school and the family, that translates itself in the highly individual style. Is not the love of the extreme in colour, movement, and form, found in the paintings of Devéria and Decamps, and in the work of Delacroix, due to a certain way of looking at things peculiar to the set of men who formed the romantic school, rather than to purely technical motives?

However important æsthetic imitation may be in the arts, it does not explain entirely the analogies of style; it in fact rests upon more profound analogies of sensibility. It requires in the imitator certain personal preferences, which indicate his own personality, however obscure this may be, and whatever need it may have of leaning upon another in order to express itself. We imitate, in short, only that which we ourselves experience to a certain degree, that element of ourselves which we find in the model studied; this is the only thing we consider. It is remarkable that inferior artists, who imitate the masters, not showing any great personality, are all alike, simply because they reproduce only the social element of the master's style, his least personal and original characteristics, those which are most expressive of a period, and consequently most in accordance with their common sensibility. The lesser masters of the eighteenth century take from Watteau, Fragonard, and Boucher only that which these artists owe to their time, and which consequently shows the points in which they resemble them. They all seem alike, since they share in a uniform style, namely, that appropriate to the gallant and polished society of the time.

We can say the same of all inferior artists and of all satellites of genius, who take from the master only his common traits. The copyists are more useful for the study of collective style than their models are ; since they present it in an isolated state freed from the singularities of the original masters. They put this style before us as a model and prototype, ridding it of all that is foreign to it. The reason for it is that these insipid personalities, hardly distinguishable from the mass, and having no originality of their own and no peculiarity beyond that proper to society, can only borrow from the great creators what these themselves owe to their time. Consequently they reproduce from the master only that which is the least personal to him, in this way deriving from him that which they can understand. Æsthetic imitation, therefore, is less cause than effect. It proceeds upon certain given similarities present in the surroundings, which constitute the source and origin of collective style.

Yet it will not do to look upon this style as a simple product of the social *milieu*, or, as Taine would have it, even of the physical environment : to deny, that is, the influence of the originality of the masters upon the collective style. That

would be to forget at the start, that the environment in question is moral, that the physical acts on society only through the effect it has on the mind, and consequently that, although society produces the genius, still it is in turn formed and renewed by its relations to him. Moreover, although the style denotes a common state of mind, it embodies the findings of individual style which corresponds best to the current modes of feeling, and are for that reason more usually copied. Finally, the spirit of a time has its source in private initiative, which is diffused by imitation; æsthetic imitation being merely one case of this, significant it is true, but not more fundamental than others. Collective style bears witness to an underlying harmony between minds that are in real agreement. To such a degree is it due to this, that it is never more forceful, never more brilliant, than in those great periods of history in which this agreement produces entire unanimity. It is enough to cite the age of Pericles, that of Augustus, and that of Louis XIV., which are distinguished by the originality and power of their style, in which the originalities of individuals are fused in a glorious ensemble.

In giving ourselves up to the pleasure which a work of art produces, we can enter not only into

the personality of an artist, but also into the life of his time. We can breathe again the perfume of the vanished age, sympathising with those who enjoyed the fulness of its life. Further, it is enough to be impressed with all that it meant to its own society, since in taking the point of view of the artist we reach that which he has in common with others : the unknown something which constitutes the spirit of a nation, a circle, a family. What a wonderful opportunity is given to the historian to seize the life of an epoch, not merely its reasonings, calculations, views, and events, but its *raison d'être*, its dreams, its ambitions, its ideals all glowing with life ! Nowhere but in the work of art can we find this living historical synthesis which, while addressing itself to our sensibility, also speaks to the intelligence in a language which conveys to us an impression of its life, with all that this implies. Are not the stiffening of the courage, the constant encouragement and renewal of the heroisms of antiquity which aroused and reinforced the Napoleonic period, to be seen in the stiff and strained attitudes, the straight and rigid lines, of the figures of David, in the statues of Chaudet, in the architectural works of Percier and Fontaine, and even in the minutest details of the furniture of the empire style ?

CLAUS SLUTER. *Moses.*
[*Chartreuse de Champmol, Dijon.*

The subjects vary through history in proportion to the depth of the æsthetic ideal.

We can follow, in the variations of collective style, the evolution of the society of which it is the flower. If a feudal dungeon differs from a Renaissance château or palace only in its exterior aspect and decoration ; if analogous differences are found in specimens of Gothic statuary—between works of Jean Goujon and those of Puget, or between the miniatures of Fouquet, the pictures of Cousin, and the decorations of Lebrun—these differences tell of the fluctuations of the French spirit across the ages.

In the diversity of the transformations of collective style we can recognise the permanent spirit of a people by some constant character preserved throughout the successive modifications. French art is not Italian nor Dutch ; nor is Hindoo art Byzantine or Arabian. That which differentiates them is precisely what we recognise as the essential character of each : points indicative of the fundamental psychology of the several peoples, their different reactions to external impressions. Art thus becomes an inexhaustible treasure-house, not only for the historian, but for the geographer and the ethnologist, since through its art we penetrate into the intimate life of a people more than by the examination of any other manifestation of its activity.

It is not concerning the particular sentiments of a country or a time, with reference to a given object, that the collective style bears witness. In the differences which arise in the interpretation of the same thing—love, for example—we follow less the evolution of the idea itself than that of the conceptions and ways of viewing or feeling it, which have succeeded one another. This is not only true of objects which do not change, while the way of presenting them does change, as objects of nature, but also of things of human creation—such as manners and customs—which are transformed in the course of time. In the representation of these last, we must distinguish the changes due to the interpretation itself, from those which really belong to the things; although in these cases the object represented and the common interpretation are often only two sides of the same social feeling which inspires them both, and which they both express. In this case, style only reinforces the transitory expression of the model. The conceptions of the rôle of woman, which have followed each other in different periods of our history, appear in portraits of particular women themselves, as much as in the adjustments, the attitudes, the objects which surround them. All

that is relative to their condition and character in the presentation, in the composition, in the respective value of each part or quality, reveals the peculiar characteristic of the period. All that which comes from the style of each epoch combines so well with the character of the figures represented, that we might well believe that all æsthetic interpretation is absent, and that emotion is not the vehicle of their apprehension. On the contrary, it alone gives us the profound meaning of the object itself. The particular social significance of "genre," which, like that of the portrait, aims to express the human, comes precisely from this harmony of collective style and subject, both being expressive of the same feeling. Here, as everywhere else, material reproduction, with all its details, really becomes suggestive only through the magic of style, which not only adds to its force, but also reveals its meaning; for without style the most faithful copy is cold and dead. The women of Clouet, Corneille de Lyon reveal their self-control and consciousness of duty more by the vocational expression, the lack of individuality that the painter leaves on their faces, than by the richness of their dress, or by the strained attitude in which they are posed. The princesses of

Mignard, Rigaud, and Largillière recall to us the majesty of their courts, by the richness of the tones, the fulness and dignity of the lines, combined with the haughtiness of their carriage, the sumptuousness of costume and decoration ; while those of Boucher, Nattier, and Van Loo seem, from their languor of expression and attitude, and from the looseness, both of lines and of dress, made merely to please. Modern painters, who care more for modesty, depict the mother of the family more by the sobriety of drawing, the warm and enveloping simplicity of colouring, the suppleness and abandon of figure—at once familiar and reserved—than by the fundamental scheme of the whole. After closing itself to the mythological fairy-tales of the eighteenth century, art opened the door anew to show us natural woman surrounded by her children in her home.

To sum it up, it is less in the subject chosen, which has of course a meaning of its own, than in the qualities of collective style, that a work of art shows the spirit of a country or time ; yet such a work does not get its expression either in the composition or in the intellectual point of view, but in the subtle something which resides in the blow of the chisel, the

caress of the brush, the composition of the music, and appeals only to the senses. Just as the personality of an artist discloses itself only to one who is sympathetically moved, so the soul of a society reveals itself only to him who experiences its mystery by allowing himself to be moved by the work of art. It discloses itself to him in all the fulness of the sentiment and thought, and affords him instruction he cannot find elsewhere.

IV

There are, however, other lessons to be derived from the work of art, perhaps more important.

In every work of art there is something foreign to the æsthetic emotion, although mingling with it so intimately that it is practically dissolved in it. In every art-product really worth the name there is, along with the artist's æsthetic personality, something due to the object which has inspired him, called in popular language the "subject." There is no work of art which does not enlighten us as to the nature and mystery of things.

The work of art causes us to understand nature. We enjoy in painting, as Pascal has

said, what we do not admire in the reality, because besides the charm imparted by the personality of the painter, the work places before us what we are not capable of seeing by ourselves; it discloses the real to us—depicts it, develops it, explains it. Works of art teach us to see and to hear what the artist has seen and heard. They initiate us in the joys that he has experienced, in the emotions which have transported him in the presence of the beauty of things. They impart them to us and ask us to partake of them. Are not the landscape painters the true discoverers of the country, the pioneers in the pleasure we feel at a magnificent sunset when the glowing disk sinks into the sea, which it tinges with colour? Have they not revealed to us the majesty of the mountains, the peaceful tranquillity of the fields, the silence of the forests? Have they not shown to us the mildness, the anger, the abandon, the treachery, the gaiety and sadness, of the sea? Poussin, Claude Lorrain, Constable, Corot, and Théodore Rousseau, by the horizons which they have opened up to us, mark the stages of a feeling henceforth an integral part of our life. In the seventeenth century the common man looked upon the sea and the mountain almost with repulsion. Artists are our best

HOUDON. *Voltaire.* [*Comédie Française.*

Style reveals the spirit of man.

BARYE. *Lion.* [*Tuileries, Paris.*

Style reveals the spirit of the animal.

Style reveals the spirit of the beings or things it interprets.

guides in learning a country : they bring out its characteristics, its key-note, and, as it were, its colour.

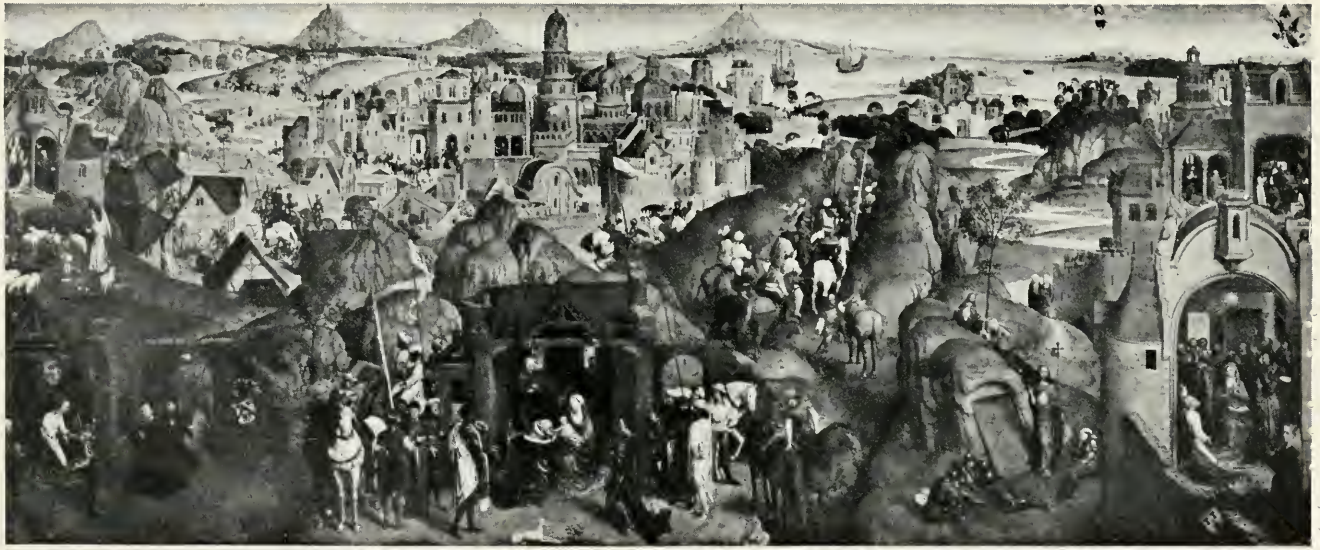
The work of art reveals living beings to us, also. Have not Delacroix, Barye, Cain, and Frémiet, like the Assyrian sculptors, helped to establish our taste for animal forms, making us familiar with and appreciative of our "inferior brothers" ? Did not the Greeks, on the other hand, educate the sensibility of the race in the apprehension of human anatomy ?

It is not social life alone that we penetrate by means of the work of art. The brothers Le Nain, for example, were the first to point out, in France, the beauty of rural occupations—long before Millet, the glory of whose name also came from this—in a century when it was undreamed of. This is revealed in the style of these masters. They reproduce their time not only by revealing its social customs, but also by perfecting the objective. This harmony between the sentiment of the artist and the things which he expresses is shown in the supremacy of style of the great master.

Finally, the work of art—and this is not the least of the lessons it teaches—throws its light on the human soul, illuminates its dreams, its

sorrows, its aspirations, its joys, and its doubts—not only because it proceeds from the spiritual life, but because it often serves as its motive, means, and subject. It does not appeal to us with universal and eternal interest unless the artist has been able to seize and render individual character in the features, and also to intimate the general type of humanity which this character represents. Holbein has done this in his "Erasmus," Albrecht Dürer in his "Holzschuher," Leonardo in the "Mona Lisa," Van Dyck in "Charles I.," Velazquez in "Philip II.," Rigaud in "Bossuet," and Houdon in "Voltaire." These are personages who live on canvas with all their peculiarities; but they are also general characters with temperaments similar to ours, who have, if not their equals, at least their prototypes in everyday life.

But this is not all. In symbolical painting, generally called "idealistic"—religious, allegorical, or fantastic—the subject is more or less the work of the artist himself: it is indeed his very soul, his dreams made incarnate, and, as it were, projected outside him. Thus the ingenuousness of religious sentiment is the true motive of the pictures of Memlinc; the exuberance of Rubens is the motive of his mythologies; and the gallant



MEMLINC. *The Seven Joys of the Virgin.* [*Pinacothec, Munich.*

Every work of art has a single sentiment in spite of multiplicity of scene, and is endowed with calmness and unity.

lightness of Watteau appears in his treatment of "Fêtes." The interest of works of this sort, their highly significant value, comes precisely from this, that in them style and subject—although necessarily indebted to nature, which separates them—are united, as two sides of one and the same thing, by the sensibility from which they emanate and which they interpret. This quality, to which we owe the prestige of works of pure imagination—often misjudged in accord with some partial formula, on account of their difficulty —this quality which distinguishes such works from those more realistic, is due less to a difference of nature than to a difference of degree. For there is no work from which all invention is excluded, and which does not bear the imprint of the artist's temperament ; just as, on the other hand, there is none in which the external world is not in some way imitated. Because the factor of creation is greater in such works than in others, they reveal to us the artist more profoundly in both directions.

There is an art which especially instructs as to the mind of the artist, because it is just this which serves as its theme. Thanks to the very slight degree of borrowing to which it resorts, invention appears in it in a pure state, so to speak,

free from all foreign restraint. This art is instrumental music. It takes from nature only that most subtle and refined material, sound. Human feeling is its only subject; it has no other, since nature enters into it only by the effects it has on the feelings. Subject and style are here so well fused that they make a single revelation of the soul, which in playing shows us its law of life, with all its harmonies, and causes us to participate in it. Its work becomes completely ours, and with it, the soul of the musician. It can be understood and loved only on the condition that we penetrate its fundamental meaning, at once both individual and general, of which language can give no adequate rendering, but which we must feel and live more wholly than we can either painting or sculpture. Music is a conclusive proof that in art the sensibility alone counts, though many make the mistake of believing, to the contrary, that it appeals first of all to the intelligence. To what profound depths music introduces us! What variety and unity it causes us to experience, a variety and unity which are those of the psychic life itself in its *detours* and *retours;* all that is built upon the fundamental and dominant note, the keynote upon which the variety converges and reinstates

BOTTICELLI. *Spring.* [*Florence.*

A work of art where the historical interest is in the style.

The historical interest in the style is independent of the historical value of the subject.

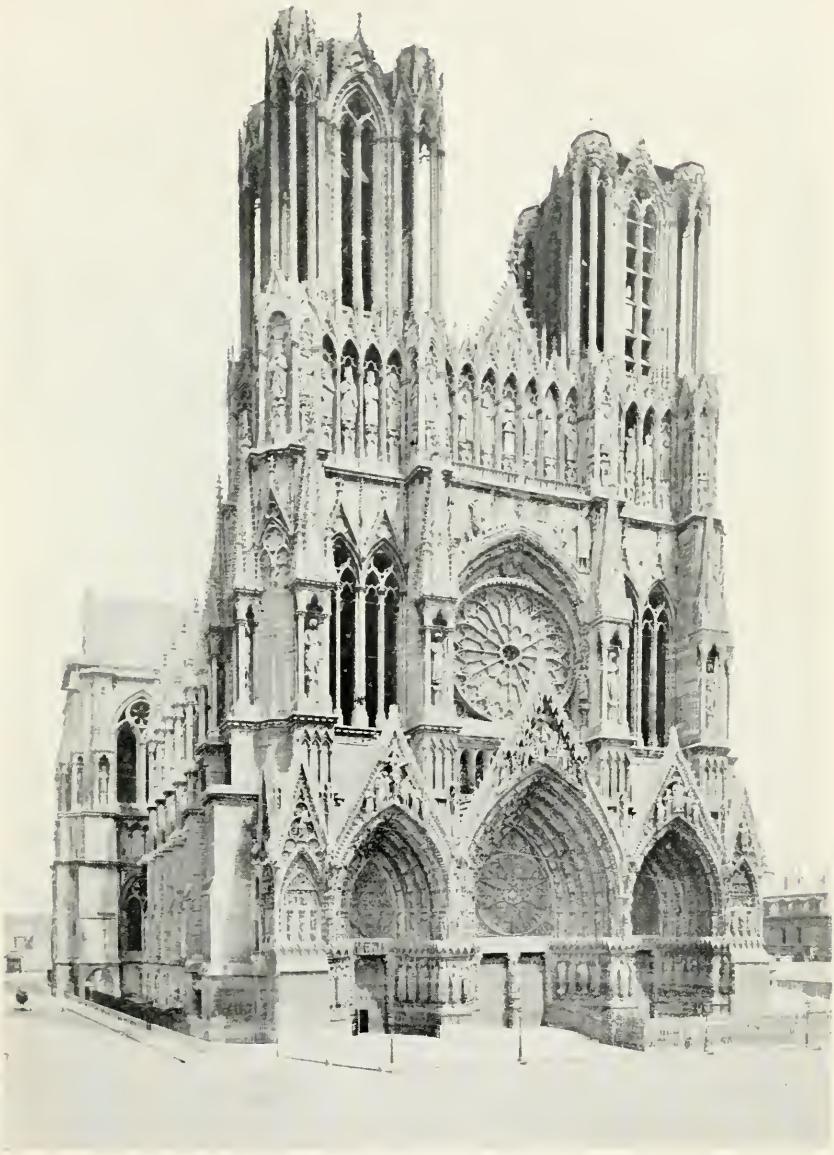
its unity. In this respect music is a revelation of our most intimate, obscure, and undefined nature; of what is most personal and general, as well as most individual and human. Does it not in some way express the inexpressible —that which goes beyond our accustomed horizons, revealing imperishable desires and infinite presentiments? It reveals us to ourselves by taking us, in its progress, back to the sources of life; to its deep and fundamental rhythm; to that union of partial souls, of which we are fundamentally composed, hidden as they are in the penumbra of our consciousness. This union is, so to speak, the first synthesis upon which, as on the principal theme of a mysterious symphony, other derivative and concomitant themes are built up in a synthesis always higher, until it reaches the climax, which includes them all.

Is not architecture—which is a music of lines, as music is an architecture of sounds—the symbol and even the work of this law of life, of its innumerable variations, of both its agitation and its calm? Is it not, in its turn, in all points created by movements of the soul, of which it translates the sentiments of joy, of melancholy, of freedom, and of force? These are, indeed,

in spite of the end imposed, and the resistance of the materials, the true subject of works of architecture. We may rightly say that the Gothic cathedral is a prayer, the dungeon a challenge, the Renaissance castle a fête, and Versailles a boast. In architecture, as in music, style and subject flow from the same sensibility. One melts into the other in the rendering they give to a manner of feeling and of reacting, individual or common. Works of architecture, collective in their ends, always anonymous to a certain degree, by the number of collaborators they require, interpret in the first instance collective or social feelings. This is, moreover, what gives them their special significance, since nothing describes a people better than its buildings—churches, palaces, and theatres —the flowering in stone of all that which escapes analysis.

So, too, lesser art-products—china, furniture, jewelry, arms, and lace—are expressive of public feeling for the same reason; they reveal the motive of architecture of which they constitute a sort of dependence.

It is collective ideas and beliefs that works of art communicate to us and serve to interpret; not, indeed, directly by the subject, but in an indirect



Cathedral of Rheims.

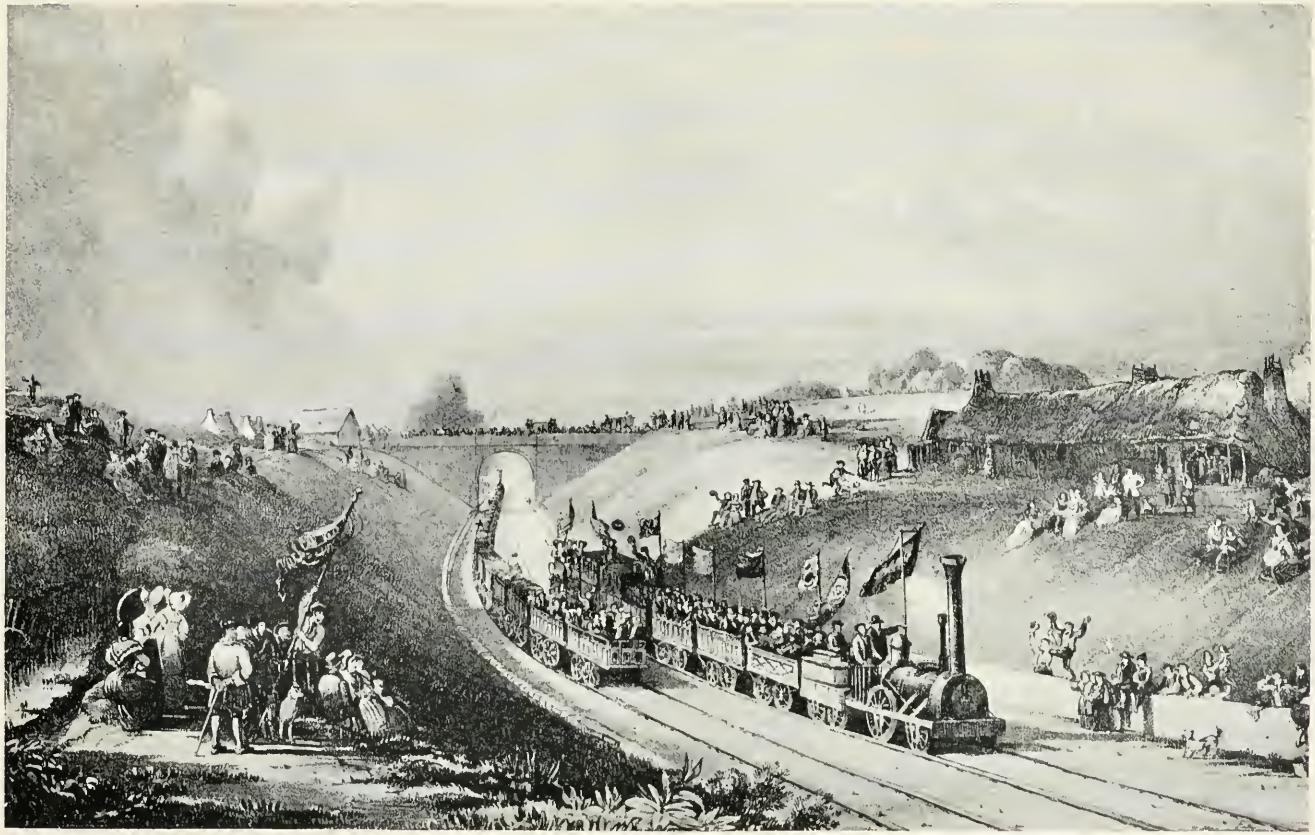
In its aspiration the Gothic church translates the Christian dogma.

The style of works of art expresses ideas by means of the sentiments.

way, through sentiment. Does not the aspiration of the Gothic cathedral translate the Christian faith, as the simplicity of the Parthenon reveals Greek nationalism, by its action upon our sensibility ?

The work of art is a profound synthesis of the soul of beings or of things and the soul of the artist. It is impregnated with the spirit of a society, period, and country. It is full of instruction about nature, its author, and its time ; not like a book, by representing the circumstances and the accessories by means of a subject, but by its manner of interpretation. Its lessons reach the judgment only indirectly. They are none the less profitable to it. The work of art is instructive in its own way, since in order to express itself it has resource only to forms, colours, and sounds. Using sensorial language, it speaks directly to the senses, and to the sensibility ; it moves us before edifying us, and edifies us only because it moves us. It is expressive, in short, in its own way, only because it is beautiful, since style must needs give the feeling of the beautiful, which is its principle and agent. Its beauty is its language, its means of communication and expansion. The work of art gives us nothing, indeed,

except through the æsthetic emotion which it arouses in us—through the admiration which we feel for it. This is also what makes it valuable, the secret of its prestige and charm. This gives originality and force to its teachings. This is the perfume it spreads abroad, which only those can enjoy who are able to appreciate and love it.



The Opening of the Glasgow and Garnkirk Railway, 1831. [*From an old print.*

A work of no artistic value but with great historical interest.

The historical interest of the style is independent of the historical value of the subject.

CHAPTER III

THE MORALITY OF ART

Art has often been accused of immorality, or, at least, held in suspicion by serious men on religious or moral grounds. From Mahomet, who forbade paintings and sculptures, to Jean Jacques Rousseau and Tolstoi, who denounce the fine arts as servants of luxury and pleasure, not to go back to the Roman Seneca, the iconoclasts in the Orient, the Vaudois, the Albigenses, the Hussites in the Occident, together with Protestants and Jansenists, art has been banished as an influence that corrupts manners and excites the passions. There are still many people who tolerate it only where it makes honourable amends by serving morality and religion.

On the other hand, certain philosophers, Hegel and Schopenhauer among them, have not failed to glorify it, representing it as opposed to immorality, as purifying and moralising everything it touches. This is the point approached by the theorists of "art for art's sake."

In order to enter intelligently into this debate, we should examine both arguments in the light of the facts, experience, and reason. We should inquire whether art is immoral, and in case it is not, whether it is, on the contrary, positively moral. To this end let us analyse æsthetic emotion, and the effects it produces on us. We can hardly obtain an exact idea of the relations art bears or ought to bear to ethics, without raising the fundamental problem of the morality or immorality of art.

I

According to some writers, the most famous of whom is M. Brunetière, art is immoral because it imitates nature, which, they say, is perverse at bottom : "there is no vice of which she does not give us an example, nor any virtue from which she does not dissuade us."

Not only does it seem, at first sight, exaggerated to say that nature is immoral, simply because she is sometimes so neutral that morality requires us often to oppose her, and that she gives us shameful examples of wickedness ; but it is not just, since immorality arises only in the infringement of obligation, and nature knows no obligation of any kind. Nature is indifferent or non-moral. This doctrine overlooks the fact that art is not restricted to the

representation of virtuous acts, as appears in the course of its history. It places itself at a wrong point of view to judge correctly of the moral value of art, in regarding it as entirely intellectual and neglecting its specific action—that is, at the point of view of the subject considered in itself, for it is illegitimate to estimate any particular work independently of the emotional interpretation to which it lends itself.

While literature is directly concerned with morality by reason of its intellectuality—the sentiments expressed, the ideas expounded, the theories set forth, and even the tone of the narrative itself; art, on the other hand, by reason of its essential character as appealing only to the sentiments, bears on morality or immorality only through the sentiments which it contains, the sentiments felt by the artists at the moment of execution, transmitted by the æsthetic emotion. In art, even more than in literature, the morality of a work depends not upon that of the things represented, but upon the character of the sentiment through which they are represented. Nevertheless the subject represented simply as virtuous or the contrary may be morally effective. When virtuous, it may have a moral influence; when wicked, a pernicious one. It would be surprising if it were not so, since, as M. Fouillée has said, every idea is a force. Yet it must

be recognised that this influence due to representation owes nothing to the qualities which art contributes ; it must be something apart, lying in the margin, so to speak—if not in opposition to the æsthetic emotion of the artist and to the sentiments it includes. We must maintain that the moral value of works of art is independent of the morality of the subjects treated. So independent is it, that works which do not spring from a profound love of the good, whatever their edifying pretensions or even their religious charms, are not moral. For example, I may cite the pieces of music and the paintings called "sacred," such as the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini, and the "Nativities" of Correggio.

On the other hand, there are many works which, judged by what they represent—scenes of carnage, debauchery, luxury, theft, pillage, assassination, realistic or otherwise—might fairly be called immoral ; but they cannot be so called, simply because the artist has put into them his feeling for movement, colour, sound, and line. And this it is that constitutes their æsthetic value.

Indeed, not only may the beauty of a work of art be thus in opposition to the qualities of the model, but there are authentic masterpieces which actually represent extreme ugliness ; not only as

RIBERA. *The Club-footed Boy.* [*Louvre.*

LIGIER-RICHIER. *Statue of Death.*
[*Saint-Pierre à Bar le Duc.*

Masterpieces with ugliness as subject.

The beauty of works of art is independent of the beauty of the subject.

being auxiliary motives, as in the canvases of Veronese, where the rickets of the dwarfs enhances the magnificence of other personages by contrast, but as the principal and exclusive motive, as is seen, for example, in the "Club-footed Boy" of Ribera and the pictured devils of the Middle Ages.

The moral value of the work of art is often the opposite of that of the subject. There are works on moral subjects which should be considered as distinctly immoral, such as the "Saint Thérèse" of Bernini, who, instead of being inflamed with mystic love, seems rather to be burning with sensual love. There are others, on the contrary, which, though depicting the immoral, are really morally elevating, on account of the nobility of sentiment which fills and inspires them: pity for the victims of fate—whether they be victims of social egotism, as in the works of Steinlen or Heidbruick, or victims of war, as in the works of Callot, Goya, and Verestchagin—indignation against the villainies of all kinds by which nature is soiled, as in the works of Brueghel, Mantegna, and Forain, which parade vice before our eyes.

Nothing proves this better than caricature. Caricature shows that the work of art may be, I will not say opposed to that of the subject, but separate from it. In the case of most caricatures,

the presentation of the monstrous, even its exaggeration, is, for the few who really understand them, certainly not a ground of reproach, still less of immoral propaganda, but a motive of edification. They depict ordinarily physical or moral defects only because by the conflict they present they suggest superior ideals ; their exaggeration is for the purpose of protest and condemnation. To claim that Hogarth by painting the life of debauch exalted evil, is to contradict the plain meaning of his work.

In truth art can be considered moral or immoral only from an affective and emotional point of view ; since independently of its fundamental morality or immorality, which is in question, the only moral quality particular to each work is that which is stamped in the style, and which comes from the character of the artist, or more exactly from the tendencies in which the work has been conceived and executed. This sort of morality or immorality attaches to the most formal purposes, and, in spite of the author, mingles with the expression of his sentiments ; there is no other morality in each work, than that which clothes the same model with a pure or corrupt air, giving to the "Vénus de Medici," for example, an alluring something which its prototype the "Venus of Cnidus" does not possess, and making one and the

BERNINI. *Saint Theresa struck by Divine Love.*
[*Saint Maria della Vittoria, Rome.*

An immoral work with a moral subject.

HOGARTH. *Gin Street.*

A moral work with an immoral subject.

The morality of a work of art is independent of the morality of the subject.

same nude austere, in the case of Michelangelo, and suggestive in the case of Fragonard. Since the moral value of a subject, taken as such, apart from this "accent" that the artist communicates to it, in no way decides the morality or immorality of the particular work, it goes without saying that it decides still less that of art in general, which, because it imitates nature, would not be estimated at all at its proper value without these reservations as to what it is morally worth.

II

The point made by M. Paulhan that art is conventional and deceptive, existing apart from reality, and even in opposition to it, is in a certain sense serious and important, since it brings forward one of the principal characteristics of art, that it presents to us a semblance of reality and not reality itself. M. Paulhan brings the charge that by this character it tends to unfit us for the opportunities of the true and practical life, substituting for it a sort of illusion, the system of which stands the better chance of triumphing over the real, which we ought to realise, and which constitutes our morality, as it is ready made and stronger in its appeal.

This objection is the more grave, since it is not altogether without ground. It is only too true that art may divert us from life ; that in taking its visions for realities we may be led to treat the real as a dream ; that we may be inclined to grow impatient with life and to abandon our duty for art, as did Don Quixote and Madame Bovary, under a literary intoxication. That this is a danger, a serious one, that the habitual enjoyment of the productions of art has a certain danger for morality, that is very true. It is, however, a danger of which art is not the cause, but the occasion.

While art does use artifices, and even deceptions, throwing us into illusion as to the truth of what it depicts, still it is not so deceptive that these are given to us purely and simply as substitutes for reality. It gives them a conventional character, which warns us that we are in the presence of fiction ; although it tries to convince us of the contrary. While its creations interest us only to the extent that we are "taken-in" by them—what is meant when it is said that art presents the "semblance" of the real—yet they must not really deceive us. Nothing would be so fatal to art as actually to deceive. A representation that we might confuse with reality

would not move us, æsthetically speaking, by its beauty, because, the practical motive being uppermost in it, such a confusion would call forth only pre-occupations of utility or of active sympathy. In order to enjoy Rubens' "Crucifixion," the "Lamentations of Orpheus," the fury of "Othello" at the theatre, we must not take them quite seriously, since an illusion does not give us pleasure if it presents too exactly the appearance of truth. Art does, and should, if true to its aim, only produce a state of conscious-illusion or semi-deception, which removes us a step from reality without causing us to forget it, and without, so much the more, substituting itself for it. Hence art in no way authorises those who commend the æsthetic at the same time to scorn the realities of life.

But in fact art is not entirely fictitious, as the intellectualists imagine, since that which is illusory in it is the subject, which is not, as these men are inclined to believe, its specific and interesting side. The feeling which is its foundation and that in which alone the subject gets its æsthetic worth is, on the contrary, real and living. The kernel and centre, the germ, so to speak, around which all the rest gathers—this feeling infuses its life into the work of art. It

impregnates and animates it with its own profound elements of life—a life foreign to it, arising in the sensibility of the artist. His sensibility shares the principle of confused and latent activity which lives in things, and in turn develops it. Thus it follows that art, regarded in its true light, far from turning us away from the external world, leads us to it. It opens our eyes to a reality which we are not accustomed to see, to a more intrinsic reality than that which ordinarily fixes our attention. Art is the guide which helps us to discover the depths of things, to touch the substratum of the world, the deep and final truth.

We have to acknowledge, it is true, that to attain this end art has recourse to various sorts of subterfuge; but for this we should blame, not art, but the limitations of our nature, or rather, the deformation that we cause it to undergo under the pressure of certain needs. It is one of our infirmities that we are obliged, in order to penetrate truth more profoundly, to submit to a certain degree and appearance of deception; just as the jesters of olden times, who were able to speak the truth to their royal patrons under the guise of the fool's mask. Deception is not the essential thing in art; it is merely the

means it employs to open our eyes and ears, or better, to scatter the mist which surrounds us and hides from us the true nature of things. In revealing to us only as much as is necessary to satisfy our needs, art employs illusion as a means, in the service of the sensible truth which all beauty contains.

Art is, indeed, a systematisation, but not one that contradicts life. It produces an emotional, not an intellectual system, which, though fictitious in appearance and for the understanding, is fundamentally not so. Indeed, while intelligence might be employed to construct systems out of "whole cloth" without taking account of anything but its own fancies, and while it is quite possible for the intelligence to build these systems up in opposition to real existence, emotion could not do so; for emotion cannot control itself independently of existence, but precedes spontaneously and directly from her. An emotion is an emotion only if it is felt, and hence only if it is true to some phase of individual or collective life. A sentiment may be feigned, but in that case it does not exist as such in the heart. In art only that which is felt counts. Art can express only actual sentiments, good or bad, which issue from reality and return to it. The

æsthetic system is not a more or less artificial or false combination which brings us, when we make it our own, into opposition to reality, by setting ourselves over against it or by retreating from it; but it is rather a sensible synthesis, which has its roots in actual life, and which as such cannot, however special it may be, isolate us or tear us completely from the real.

The so-called "artistic attitude," which consists in shutting oneself off from the world and regarding the universe merely as fiction, with the result that one ceases to feel the need of action, instead of being the flower of æsthetic feeling, is merely a deviation of it due to a certain sophistication. In the case of the amateur, this attitude shows a radical inability to consider art in any but a technical light, as being entirely self-contained. In the case of the artist, it is undoubtedly a cause of weakness, by reason of the isolation in which it holds him, to the detriment of the progress of his personality, his sentiments, and his talent. It arrests his development because, although it should be pursued for itself without regard to other ends—as the partisans of "art for art's sake" do not fail to tell us—nevertheless art strikes its roots too deeply into reality

to be able to live entirely on its own substance, and to be sufficient unto itself.

To wish to substitute art for life is, then, an error and an absurdity which art itself does not encourage, but rather reproves. Nothing is more contrary to its nature, which embodies the sensitive and the sentimental side of life ; nothing is more contrary even to its very artifices, which are merely a path through which we must pass without stopping if we would cross the threshold of the rich domain to which it leads. Although some avail themselves of these processes to turn their back on reality and to withdraw from active life, we cannot legitimately lay upon art itself the blame for this opposition instituted by these persons themselves. We can, because of these processes, reproach art with being a danger, since these processes, intellectual and superficial, are misconstrued. Art is dangerous from this point of view only to those who do not understand it—we should say, those who do not feel it —for it is the fate of all good, even of morality, to be abused ; but this is no reason for indicting it. It suffices for its acquittal that the abuse complained of should be really such—that is to say, the product of misuse. This is the case with the perversions to which art sometimes

lends itself by reason of its necessary elements of artificiality. But, as in the case of the moral sense, such perversions show a deviation from the true thing.

III

This accusation of immorality made against art has to do with its conventional side alone. It attacks it only on the outside. But this is not the principal and most positive objection. It conceals and prepares the way for another, which holds that art, whatever may be the subject and abstraction made of the sentiments—which may be auxiliary to it—is fundamentally immoral, immoral in nature and in essence, the æsthetic emotion which it provokes, which is its mission to provoke, and without which it is not art, being bad in itself. According to M. Brunetière and Tolstoi, æsthetic emotion is a pleasure of the senses—a sensuous pleasure, in other words—and as such it is opposed to all morality, since there is no virtue without effort. Rousseau thought the same. He held, before them, that by developing sensuality art corrupted morals.

Even though this essential immorality of art could be corrected or lessened, say the ultra-moralists, by all the good which, according to

his capacity, the artist might be able to impart to his work, nevertheless, the evil would remain in principle. They think, indeed, that every work of art which does not arouse virtuous sentiments—some would say with Bossuet, any work which does not treat of an edifying subject—should be considered harmful, even though it is free from any immoral tendencies, either conscious or not ; simply because the sensuous suggestion of æsthetic emotion is not counterbalanced by any moralising influence sufficient really to palliate it. Consequently they think that every work of art which does not work for morality works against it. Thus, all those works of art are immoral which merely extol the beauties of nature, and, more emphatically, those which depict it by using immoral models, whose evil effects are only increased by that of the æsthetic sentiment itself. This is the condemnation of almost all art as universally practised. Before any other sentiment, and often to the exclusion of any other, artists of all times have had in view—and they must have it in view, since it is the aim and end of art—the glorification of beauty as such. Most pictures, statues, or operas aim only to reveal it, even where, as in the nude, it is really in a suggestive form,

although it may not, in Rousseau's phrase, involve all the errors of the heart and mind. This is to condemn not only such works as "Danaës," "Ledas," and "Armedes," in which the great masters have chosen immoral subjects, but also all the painting, sculpture, and music of Rubens, Praxiteles, and Mozart which celebrate the splendours of nature, of the body, and of the human heart! This is the anathema which is hurled at any work which, consecrated to beauty alone, makes no effort to teach anything else.

Whatever may be the force of this accusation, it rests upon the indisputable truth that æsthetic emotion, and with it art, is a pleasure, and a pleasure of the senses. M. Brunetière was right in bringing into full light the idea that there is no painting which does not give pleasure to the eyes, no music which is not a caress to the ear, no beauty, in fact, which, in order to reach the mind, does not have to appeal "to the senses, and to the pleasure of the senses." This is undeniable; and it is useful to repeat it to those who, with the idea of purifying art, tend to ruin it by proposing, as Tolstoi did, to eliminate from it the idea of pleasure.

This does not mean, however, that art is immoral.

The pleasure of the senses accompanying their natural exercise is not in itself bad ; but what is bad is the sensual delight by which we may react to it, the delight that we take in its exclusive pursuit to the detriment of our higher interests. There is no other immorality of the senses than this. It is to be classed with the degradation or adulteration of normal activity, the perversion of legitimate pleasure. Now, although æsthetic pleasure may be put to such bad uses, it resists this aberration more than the other sense-pleasures because, in the first place, it is the purest. It appeals only to the more refined of our sense-organs, the eye and the ear ; again, it interests them apart from material satisfaction ; and yet again, because it is not merely a simple pleasure of the senses. Although it makes use of them and requires their support, it is not addressed to them alone. It cannot be reduced to a mere stimulation of our nervous end-organs. The fact that taste, odour, and touch, which are the most physical of our senses, do not contribute to the æsthetic—and that consequently there are no fine arts of cooking and perfuming—is proof of this. Would any one say that the "Entrance of the Cross into Constantinople," or the "Ninth Symphony," acted upon us only by the brilliancy

of colour or tone, by the play of light effects or that of harmonious sounds ? This would be to reduce art to the play of the kaleidoscope, or of the wind in the trees, and to disown the nature of the emotion which uplifts us. Æsthetic emotion acts not only on our senses, but on our feelings, and through them on our intelligence ; it kindles, so to speak, our whole mental activity. What could be further removed from the vulgar pleasures of sense than this delight, which is a joy of the mind in its fulness ? What is there purer, less immoral, less open to the charge of tainting the pleasures of art, than æsthetic emotion, which, in spite of its sensuous side, not only cannot be confused with what we call sensuality, but is distinct even from the innocent pleasures of sense ?

Doubtless we could, by indulgence in a sort of physical desire both of the senses and of the mind, turn æsthetic emotion aside in these directions and interpret all its higher meanings in accord with this end ; we might ask in life everywhere, always, and in everything, only those expressions of art which for the dilettante and the æsthete, who busy themselves with sensuous beauty, lead to sorrow, suffering, and death.

However profound this perversion may be, it would be even more unjust to attribute it to æsthetic

emotion than to the artistic attitude itself, which is the preamble and often the sign of such emotion; for such dilettantism is fatal to it. The general mental degeneration which this attitude indicates dries up, at its source, all æsthetic or other emotion which should be felt in the presence of works of art, and in that of nature. The abuse of reflection upon our sensibility, which pushes the investigation of pleasure to the extreme—æsthetic as well as other pleasures—removes from it that innocence and freshness by which the mind should be genuinely stirred. By reason of the shrivelling up of the affective powers, and of the far-reaching analysis of them, this dilettantism kills the spontaneity of art. It attacks æsthetic emotion at its root. It dries it up; and deprives it in advance of all its characteristic elements. It squeezes it dry, really destroying it in its search for pure sensation, so that this lust of the mind, this higher and more comprehensive lust, which is the motive of dilettantism, ends by deadening our sensibility even in its lowest forms of sense in the degeneration which takes the place of progress.

The degeneration which finds its cause in dilettantism marks, not only the difference but the antagonism that exists between the latter and the æsthetic emotion of which it is the ruin.

It follows that æsthetic emotion does not merit the charge of working this result, nor does it draw upon art the reproach that is brought against it.

IV

From the fact that art is not immoral, we must not infer that it is a direct agent of morality.

Not only does this not follow, but it goes without saying that art is not moral in the positive sense that it sets an example, gives a counsel, or teaches a lesson. The champions of the morality of art, Hegel and Schopenhauer, do not mean to say this ; but that art purifies all that it touches, that it is a safeguard against passion, and consequently that it cannot, in any circumstance or in any way, become immoral—that is, that it is guaranteed against immorality.

Nothing could be further from the truth. This is not only to take the point of view of the subject—for idealisation applies only to this—but also to fail to notice that by adorning everything indifferently—the good and the bad, the courtesan and the pirate, the Virgin and the saint—the exaltation of form makes vice, no less than virtue, lovely. Art would thus assuredly not work to inspire scorn of vice, but rather to

present it under attractive form. Has not this consideration often been urged against the poetic embellishment of that which ought to be despised ? Apart from this, the theory that art moralises by idealising does not work, since it is not applicable to the whole of art, whose object in our view is not always an idealisation. Realism, which copies nature, and caricature, which disfigures it, are as really art as idealism, which improves it. Idealisation is incidental and accessory, not essential and definitive to art.

Others maintain that art is pure, whatever its subject, or whatever may be the society in which it is found, because, by lifting us out of our instinctive and animal nature, æsthetic emotion saves us from all of its dangers, inoculating us, as it were, against the evils possibly present in it.

This theory, which makes of æsthetic sentiment a depository of virtue, identifying the beautiful with the good, as the Greeks did and as certain of our modern æsthetes do, by absorbing morality in the cult of the beautiful—this theory is no less erroneous. All that arouses our admiration is not necessarily virtuous. There are beautiful things which are not good. If everything in nature—even ugliness which is due to defect—contains elements of beauty, can we not also say that

immorality is to be found everywhere ? Æsthetic admiration is not an act of virtue which enables us to dispense with all the others. Morally speaking, it is neither good nor bad ; it is neutral.

Æsthetic sentiment is so neutral in nature that it can blend as effectively with immoral sentiments as with others. It is as capable of being affected by immorality as by morality.

In fact, history shows us works which are truly beautiful, but which reveal, mingled unconsciously by their authors with what is beautiful, the expression of the lowest and most compromising sentiments. Certain paintings of Fragonard, certain statues of Clodion, are libertine to the highest degree ; while on the other hand, the music of "Tristan" and that of "Pelléas and Melisande" suggest directly despair and discouragement, by reason of the abandonment of self and the unsatisfied desire to which they incite. There are authentic works of art which embody a clear motive of perversion. They are, to quote M. Brunetière, authentic "stimulations to debauchery." The engravings of Baudoin, the prints of Rops, the operettas of Offenbach are proof of this.

We cannot say that this immorality has no effect. While this might be true of the immorality of the subject, it cannot be true of the

immorality of the sentiments expressed in the work of art. This sort of immorality is the more real and effective, since it adorns itself with the prestige and enchantment of the æsthetic.

Æsthetic emotion, indifferent to the morality or immorality that it neither repels nor attracts, takes on the colour of the sentiments with which it associates, whatever their moral sign or coefficient may be. Æsthetic emotion—which remains the same whichever is associated with it—and with it art, is non-moral. We cannot pass with J. J. Rousseau, in view of this moral neutrality of art, to the opposite conclusion, holding that all that is not for morality is against it; for there are things which are neither for nor against. Art is one of these. It is something apart, something existing in its own distinct domain.

V

That art is non-moral does not mean that it has no action on manners, no influence on conduct. Not to mention the fact that this would be strange indeed of so suggestive a means of expression, art, in spite of its non-morality, and along with it, is too deeply involved with life to fail to be of great assistance to morality.

Inasmuch as æsthetic emotion is independent, it protects us, in a sense, from the immorality that some subjects might otherwise involve. In diverting the attention from the subject to itself, the emotion, by its neutrality, redeems the subject from its evil suggestions. It is thus a protection. This explains why scenes which scandalise us in reality, do not and can not legitimately shock us—if we understand art at all—in painting, sculpture, or music. Thus it is that the nude, when seriously inspired either in painting, sculpture, or design, is chaste; that the "Danaë" of Titian, or the "Odalisque" of Ingres, have no improper suggestion. Either we have no feeling of art, or we disown the feeling, if we inflict upon the "Cnidian Venus" the insult that Pliny says was offered her, or if we desire, as Diderot confesses he did, to lift the robe of Correggio's "Magdalene" to see "whether the forms are as beautiful underneath as the exterior design would indicate." The man who, in the presence of a work which gives rise to æsthetic emotion unmixed with anything impure, thinks, whatever the subject, of something beyond rather than of its æsthetic qualities, misapprehends it, and owes to himself alone the use, which amounts to abuse, that he makes of it. If the character of art increases the danger of works that

CLODION. *Bacchantes.*
[*Decorative Arts Museum, Paris.*

A libertine work by reason of the sentiments associated with it.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES. *The Sacred Forest.*
[*The Sorbonne, Paris.*

A moral work by reason of the sentiments associated with it.

Beyond their intrinsic moral tendencies, works of art may be moral or immoral according to the sentiments which accompany their inspiration.

are really immoral—immoral, that is, in sentiment—on the other hand, it keeps from immorality those which are so only in a secondary way; so that what would be objectionable in a commonplace work may not be so in an artistic masterpiece.

But this is to say too little. Art does not serve morality merely as intermediary. It is true that it is not preacher, nor simply go-between—although it may become one or the other of these in the life of emotion. Art serves as the preface or prelude to morality by reason of the magic of æsthetic emotion, which produces in our minds certain dispositions analogous to those which the moral life claims and creates. Without leading us directly to virtue, these dispositions incline us toward it, by a sort of internal polarisation, in which we feel the omen and prophecy of morality.

In order that æsthetic emotion may be felt in the presence of a beautiful work, a sort of disinterestedness is necessary: the preliminary forgetting of our habitual preoccupations, of the interests which make up our practical life. This is an indispensable condition. Thus, when for one reason or another, our minds are too restless or too strained to permit us to cut loose from our cares, we are incapable of taking pleasure in the greatest masterpiece. When again our attention

is fixed exclusively on the representative side of the subject—as often happens in the case of incidents reproduced in painting, or of portraits of personal friends—æsthetic pleasure vanishes, giving way to practical considerations, with which the purely intellectual side of works of art is always associated. He who before the nudes of Rubens, "does not forget that it is nude," is not sensitive to æsthetic emotion; just as he is who, in the presence of a sublime masterpiece, is content with calculating its price.

If the first condition of æsthetic admiration is forgetfulness of our customary interests, its first effect is to dispel them. Just as in the presence of nature the artist spontaneously dismisses them from his mind, as it is his distinctive tendency to do; so the artistic side of works of art tends to work the same effect upon the spectator. It transports him into a strange world, a figurative one, free from the opaque veil which our interests and desires weave around the real world. Convention plays in art somewhat the same rôle as travel and memory in respect to reality. The latter invite us to enjoy the beauty of things through the diversion which distance in space or lapse of time affords. This is so true that nothing rests us more than æsthetic contemplation,

unless it be a change of place, for nothing more completely distracts us—in the etymological sense of the word—from the disturbances which constantly beset our life.

The result of this is that æsthetic emotion not only recreates us by its restoring action, but it also frees us from the thraldom of interest. It diverts us from the pursuit of the useful, the uninterrupted search for which is the stumbling-block to morality. In raising us above the sphere of utility, if only for a moment, it prevents us from considering everything from that point of view; it prevents us from making utility the supreme and unique end of life; finally, it causes us to breathe the purer air—that of the mountain tops above the valleys—which circulates above the chaos of our ambitions; and so much the more does it raise us above the baser egotistic aims and desires of the purely sensuous. In placing us for the instant above our grosser appetites, the animal instincts, it saves us from passion. It spiritualises us merely by the detachment which it necessitates and effects. This is what Hegel meant when he claimed that art lifts us into a higher world. This is what he meant by its liberating power. He was right in a way, for although art does not purify everything,

it is the best discipline in refinement that there is. It clears the earth of its encumbering weeds, and prepares the soil for the germinating seed of the moral life.

Æsthetic emotion goes still further. It relieves us of our burden of interests, not only by inhibition, but by positive action: by making us share the disinterested activity from which the work of art arises, the disinterestedness which is no longer negative but positive in its nature. Indeed, although it arises from an actual pleasure, still that is not its end. It is an activity of play—that is to say, an activity which, although accompanied by pleasure, nevertheless spends itself in view of its own independent end, being valuable in itself and for itself. Whatever may be the artist's processes of invention, he aims in the work to realise first a psychic, afterwards a material result; this requires self-abnegation on his part. It is the same in the case of the amateur —taking the word as meaning the spectator in general—since he truly enjoys a work of art only in proportion as he partakes of the activity which it manifests, and which still lives in it. It follows that if the amateur, like the artist, should begin seeking his own pleasure, he would find true enjoyment only in forgetting it, in

abandoning himself to his emotion, allowing himself to be borne along by the current of sensibility. Æsthetic emotion is in this way a generator of disinterestedness—active disinterestedness, so to speak. It is consequently an impulse and a prelude to moral effort, since the essential quality of such effort consists in pursuing an end, not only for itself, but even at the price of labour and sacrifice.

For another reason still, the emotion which works of art arouse in us when we take art seriously, serves as a preface to moral activity. There is the contagion of activity—not only of disinterested activity, but of harmonious activity. Every work of art has a rhythmic order according to which the elements which compose it are arranged and systematised. There are none which do not bear witness to this in the synthesis they present of lines, sounds, colours, and reliefs, for it is this in which style consists. The forms of composition which seem not only to be lacking in pre-arranged ideas, but to consist in a pouring forth of the depths of the soul, whose internal movements they bring to light, do not escape it. It is this rhythm from which the work of art emerges; which, by bringing them into accord, unites all the parts, from the most

general to the most particular, from the most intellectual to the most emotional ; which orders the series of tonality and touch, as well as those of melody and figure, communicating itself to the soul of the spectator, who finds himself brought into unison with the sensibility of the artist, attracted, so to speak, into the ordered and harmonised activity of the æsthetic. Now morality, because it requires the subordination of our inclinations and desires, and of all our life to an end, is also an organisation or systematisation. Moral and æsthetic activity, therefore, agree in this—although they differ in that the end of morality advances with its own realisation, setting itself up progressively for the indefinite attainment of mankind, while the end of æsthetic activity is complete in itself and sufficient unto itself. This difference makes clear to us, as M. Paulhan has justly remarked, the danger of considering moral activity, which can never be completely achieved, often analogous with æsthetic activity, which is, on the contrary, a closed and perfected system. But this difference does not prevent æsthetic activity from preparing us for the moral life, by reason of its qualities of order and harmony ; for the moral life is one lived in complete harmony

with ourselves, with others, and with the laws of existence. The moderation present in it, and thanks to which, however violent the sentiment which animates it, a work of art remains free from excess, is one of the conditions or characteristics also of virtue, to such a degree that Aristotle made virtue consist in "the happy mean"—which we must not confuse with mere mediocrity, foreign to art and morality alike. In the same way, this "temperance" of art aids to save those who are filled with the æsthetic sentiment from gross and uncontrolled desires. It does not incite us to absolute renunciation, but only to that restraint which taste everywhere requires, so that, far from exciting us to sensuality, æsthetic emotion purifies the senses in pervading them with harmony. It gives them their place without exalting or debasing them, as is the function of all true morality. As has been often remarked of music, the calming virtue of which is due to the preponderance of factors of number, art shows us a world better balanced than ours—a world, consequently, which, though it is still not that of morality, is nearer it than that in which we live.

Æsthetic emotion, then, is more than a preparation; it is a stimulus to morality through

the imitation which it suggests to our activity. Whatever the realism of a work of art may be, it can only be a realism which embodies the ideal present and living in the heart of the artist, and which is not to be confused with the mere embellishment often understood by the term. There is no realism, then, which does not impel us by the force of the artist's example to incarnate our ideal in life, in our turn, as he realises his in æsthetic form.

Æsthetic emotion invites us, moreover, to go beyond the circle of its action by giving us the joy of disinterested activity, in anticipation, so to speak, of the purely moral joys which it enables us to anticipate. We get this joy in the idea of the difficulties overcome by the artist, of the opposition he has surmounted. We say "it is strong"; it presents the pleasure as a price of pain and urges us on to similar efforts.

This is not all. Æsthetic emotion gives us the necessary impulse. It is productive of energy, as appears in the tendency we have of uniting our voice in the melody, and our active movements with music or the dance. Since æsthetic emotion is joyful, it results in quickening the flow of blood and exalting the sensibility, and also in enlightening the

intelligence and fortifying the will. It accelerates the rhythm of our life and raises its tone. This is so true that, in admiring a beautiful work, we feel a sort of pride ; we have a better opinion of ourselves. We are proud of feeling so beautiful a thing, as if in this way we became in some degree its author ; and this is not far from the truth, since in order to enjoy beauty we must recreate it in ourselves. Æsthetic joy awakens our powers of loving, and with them an appetite for great things. There is no spectator or author so calm, provided he is endowed with some sensibility, as not to feel some breath of generosity before the "Victory of Samothrace" or the "Symphony in D Minor" of César Franck. It stirs up the fervour of enthusiasm which bursts naturally into applause ; and it is this that causes the desire, when we stand before a beautiful work, to make one like it. Indeed, many artists have felt the beginnings of their vocations here. A zeal for all that is noble emanates from works of art. They excite such heroism as that which music has always been employed to arouse in armies before combat. By means of the warmth it diffuses, æsthetic joy inspires our hearts ; this joy develops the richest and most hidden motives. What, then, could be, if not more moral—since

morality, properly so-called, springs from the will—still more fitting to lead us into morality, than this fever of love, the sanctity of which (and with it the virtue) is made secure—if with Saint Augustine we say that virtue is love ?

We conclude that art is no more moral than immoral. It is incapable of replacing morality, as the partisans of æsthetic morality pretend. It follows that considered in its source and essence, independent of all foreign elements which may mingle with it, art in itself is a valuable aid to morality through the beneficial action it exerts on our sensibility, and through this on our psychic activity, by reason of the analogies holding between the sentiment of the good and that of the beautiful. These analogies are such that, in spite of its powerlessness to found morality, the pursuit of beauty lends itself to it to a certain degree, both by the admiration it excites, and by the disgust it creates. In spite of their incontestable differences—for beauty can blend with evil, and good with ugliness — beauty and goodness, ugliness and wickedness, are on the same footing. There are the common characteristics of disinterestedness, equilibrium, and love, on the one hand, and of egoism, disorder, and hate on the other.

VI

The proof of the agreement which, in all points, brings beauty nearer the good; the proof, consequently, of the morality of art—understood not as moralising action, but as preparation, stimulus, and appeal to the moral life—is found in the fact that the morality of the sentiments which a beautiful work contains, increases its beauty.

Although the morality of inspiration does not constitute the beauty of a work of art, being insufficient to define it—a fact that Tolstoi and others have overlooked — although there are highly moral works which are paltry productions, æsthetically speaking, and on the other hand there are not only indifferent but truly immoral ones which are very beautiful, it is beyond doubt that grandeur and nobility of sentiment add to the splendour of those works which are already beautiful. The immanent morality of the work of art, in addition to increasing its range, improves its form and enhances the æsthetic sentiment it awakens. Morality gives more depth and consequently more generality to the works it vivifies; it

also reinforces the æsthetic impression by enriching it with new harmonies. Are not the greatest masterpieces those which combine splendour of beauty with elevation and purity of inspiration? Their magnificence is thus enhanced even to the sublime. Wagner's "Parsifal," Glück's "Orpheus," Millet's "Angelus," Michelangelo's "Thinker," are illustrations of this. On the other hand, a work of art not only becomes paltry when the artist is not inspired by a high ideal—as we see in Greece at the time of the decadence, and again in Italy in the sixteenth century, when art was divorced from all religious or moral interests—but it becomes unæsthetic in proportion to its immorality. Immorality imposes constraint upon it, by reason of the contradictions and discordances it introduces. All that is bad or immoral introduces elements of ugliness, just as the moral introduces elements of beauty. Although evil may mingle with beauty, it can never be completely fused with it. It remains always by nature foreign, a stumbling-block, a hindrance. When a work causes bad impressions, lending itself to our passion, the consequence of this disorder is that our admiration is affected. The unity of our nature suffers; its harmony is broken; our

MILLET. *The Gleaners.* [*Louvre.*

A work of art aroused by sympathy with mankind.

Every work of art is social in nature and constitution since it is aroused by sympathy.

enthusiasm is weakened ; the serenity indispensable to æsthetic contemplation is destroyed ; and we are brought down, so to speak, from heaven to earth. This constitutes the blemish of many of the works of Fragonard, Clodion, and Offenbach ; it accounts for the inferiority of the "Vénus de Medici" to the "Venus of Cnidus" ; it appears in the vulgarity of the drawings of Toulouse-Lautrec, and those of Félicien Rops. Between two canvases, two statues, or two symphonies, of equal talent—supposing this possible—it is certain that that which shows the higher morality would be, æsthetically speaking, superior to the other ; just as a work that suggests the unclean, even though not actually committed to immorality, would be inferior. It is because of this—having reference only to the feelings and giving them merely an accessory place, subordinate to the purely æsthetic qualities, which must come first—that Taine could rightly include morality in the appreciation of the æsthetic value of works of art. It is true that their intrinsic morality adds to their beauty, while the contrary qualities tend to lessen their vital and æsthetic dignity.

Since the beauty of the work of art is in this way bound up with the morality of the sentiments which attend on æsthetic emotion, it follows that

it is through them also bound up with the morality of the artist.

It is bound up with the morality of his ideal, which must be distinguished from his morality as a man, since a separation even to opposition may exist between the ideal and the real. Just as a person of a sweet and calm disposition may dream of the crash of battle, so a debauchee may have chaste ambitions, and a good person perverse ones; painters, sculptors, and musicians whose imaginative faculties predominate, often show themselves differently in their lives and in their works, because their ideals differ from their habits. It is enough to cite the example of Andrea del Sarto whose gracious, pious, and serene works, we are told, contrasted with a dishonest life; or that of Watteau, on the contrary, who attended gallant fêtes only in his pictures. Sometimes the æsthetic ideal detaches itself from others, even to the extent of contradiction, as notably in the exceptional case in which a vigorous art springs from a mind in every other respect deranged. However that may be, it is indisputable that the moral value of the ideal forming the centre of a new æsthetic personality, not identical with the artist's human ideal, cannot be present without contributing to the beauty of his works, to

whatever degree the two may contradict each other, or show themselves inconsistent with his conduct.

We cannot say less of the morality of the artist considered as a man. Just as the æsthetic ideal is not so far separated from other ideals that these do not affect it; so in turn it, and the æsthetic personality with it, are not so separated from the actual person that his course of life is without influence over them. Life modifies the ideal as the ideal modifies life. Though the feelings which are stirred to vibrate by a symphony, a statue, or a picture are imaginary, they are nevertheless linked up with character. They are so little separated from actual life, that when they are detached from it they wither away. Art can be cut off from life only at its own expense, by reason of the reflection of life which it keeps and which would be lost with it. Life is not one thing and art another; they proceed together, penetrating each other and mingling in one. The result of this is that art keeps its vivacity and freshness, its importance also, on condition that it proceeds from the depths of a unified self, a self already moral—since morality is the only means of unification. In addition to purifying the sentiments with which the artist unconsciously embellishes his work, virtue elevates his ideals, both human

and artistic, through abnegation, patience, and love. The proof of this is that all the vices of character degrade the ideal of the artist ; it is only the professional consciousness belonging to art which does not feel its weakening effects. The motives of startling, of arousing curiosity, of attaining honour or wealth, sooner or later cause the artist to neglect his art, to sacrifice beauty for effect or for paradox : things which quickly substitute themselves for æsthetic feeling. This latter is so dependent on conduct for its very existence, that not only in the evil done, but in the good left undone, is the germ of decay to be found. If, in theory, æsthetic sentiment is enough to inspire a work of art, in practice, it not only develops by means of something other than itself, but it lives by it ; it requires other sentiments by means of which it may be renewed and fortified. Aridity of soul, absence of charity, coldness of heart, deprive a work of art of elevated sentiment, empty it of a part of its content and react on æsthetic sentiment itself. This is the defect of the doctrine of "art for art's sake" in so far as not simply considering beauty as having its own worth—which is true—but also as isolating it from everything else. In this extreme form it renders the artist indifferent to all that does not

DENNER. *Portrait of a Woman.* [*Vienna.*

A mediocre work in spite of its correctness.

ANNIBAL CARRACCI. *Neptune and Amphitrite.*
[*Farnese Palace, Rome.*

A beautiful work endowed with æsthetic "semblance," though not truthful.

directly concern beauty, and reduces the latter to a sort of narrow formalism from which æsthetic emotion is excluded, leaving in its place merely a barren technique. So too, dilettantism, instead of regenerating art, by preaching its freedom from the anxieties of the moral life, destroys it, by reducing it to a *tour de force*. This explains the vanity and weakness of the works of the Carraccis, Sassoferrato, and Carlo Dolci. If, on the contrary, dignity of manners, honesty of spirit, nobility of heart, and seriousness of life, do not make an artist, they at least communicate to the ideal and to the works of those who have these qualities, a grandeur, fulness, and charm which add materially to their effect. The primitive school, a Fra Angelico, and a Palestrina, were great in spite of their defects, because in their works they combined the force of their convictions with the holiness of their lives.

There is no morality that may not contribute to the beauty of art. Some subjects are more fitted to arouse noble feelings than others. There are some subjects—religious and military—which appeal naturally to our highest nature; as there are others—scenes of debauchery and crime—which appeal to our lowest nature. Great subjects do not make great works, but they at least contribute

to their value by the effect they have on the feelings of the artist, provided—which is far from being the rule—he takes them in their deeper meaning, and not in a merely external way. Examples of such external treatment of great subjects are seen in Jordaens, who, even in sacred subjects, did not cease to portray lower sentiments. Examples of purely æsthetic treatment are found in Rubens, who treats the New Testament on the same footing as Olympus, emphasising only the brilliancy of colour and the rhythm of movement. And for the merely technical, we have the painters of "Morceaux." On the contrary, if baseness of subject does not always produce base works, since a subject of this kind may be chosen merely for technical, æsthetic, or other reasons independent of its moral quality, as is often the case, it nevertheless remains true that vulgarity contributes to the degeneracy of art by reason of its reaction on the sensibility of the artist. This does not apply merely to nudes (the nude not being immoral in itself, although it shocks some people), but to all licentious representations, such as those of Titian and Correggio, Falconet's goddesses, and the exploits of Don Juan in the music of Mozart. Such a subject may be chosen, on the other hand, under motives of indignation, as

seen in the caricatures of Daumier and Hogarth. By the emotional echo that it produced in the heart of Leonardo, the beauty of "Mona Lisa" shows itself in that of the "Joconde," just as the grace of its models shows itself in the symmetries of Greek art. The grandeur of the theme must necessarily have been responsible for some of the power of the ceiling of the Sistine chapel. We might say the same of Bach's cantatas, and of Gothic cathedrals. Likewise, we must not, by excessive and superficial reaction against the intellectualism which sees only the subject in art, and judges of the morality of a work only by its own, overlook the sentimental value of this intellectualism, nor its moral importance; for it adds brilliancy and value to the beauty of the work.

Nothing proves better the pre-established harmony which exists between the beautiful and the good, between art and morality—although we should not confuse them—than the reinforcement which all these factors—morality of feeling and morality of the artist, of the man, and of the subject—bring to the intrinsic morality in the work of art. They contribute effectively to its splendour. Nothing proves better how noble and elevated, how contributory to morality and stimulating to it, a beautiful work of art may be,

simply because it is beautiful. In affecting us, it carries our sensibility away in its rhythm ; it is a prelude and introduction to the moral life.

We conclude that art in itself is neither moral nor immoral. It is non-moral ; that is to say, it is distinct from morality, as is the æsthetic emotion from which it springs and which it aims to propagate. If some works are either edifying or corrupting morally, it is for some other reason ; it is due to the morality or immorality of associated feelings which, like harmonics, accompany that of the beautiful.

It follows that while art is not bad nor demoralising ; while it is free from the stains which the austere moralists find upon it ; while it does not lead us into temptation—still we cannot say that it has a moralising mission. Its rôle consists merely in realising the greatest beauty possible. It is not concerned with morality except to avoid contradicting it by the expression of hostile sentiments ; for it can clash with it only in this way. Apart from this, everything is permitted to it. Since the morality of the subject does not affect that of the work of art directly—because of the emotional character of the representation—all subjects are good. Art is free to celebrate the beauty of living beings and of things wherever it

is found. Thus criminal scenes may appear in works to which we could not properly attribute immorality, apart from their abuse by the evil-minded or their misinterpretation by the incompetent. For, while actually elevating aspirations may not be aroused by them, still they may be looked upon from the point of view simply of the beautiful.

Art, in short, must not be forbidden or condemned, since, although strictly non-moral, it is still a sort of equivalent of morality. Besides harmonising marvellously with the sentiments of the good which accompany it and give it further charm, the sentiment of the beautiful, in spite of its variations, prepares us for morality, and excites us to morality, thanks to the analogies that æsthetic activity bears to moral activity. Æsthetics serves as a prelude to the moral life, so that we may say that in art all that is not against morality—against it positively in the domain of feeling—is for it. Whatever may be its motive or theme—whether morally indifferent, suggestive, or bad—a work of art which is truly beautiful and no more, which at least nourishes no deliberately bad sentiment, is, then, for him who understands it, not only innocent but healthy and helpful to morality. Thus almost

all art, as it has always been cultivated, is justified, although we must make exceptions of those works of vicious inspiration which happily are neither numerous nor of the highest quality.

Far from opposing, scandalising, or hindering morality, art, while not a substitute for it, still reinforces it simply by fulfilling its own rôle without taking sides in its favour or resorting to any foreign means. Art goes along with the ethical, not merely by means of extraneous association, but by creating the thing of beauty. No matter what further reinforcements other sentiments may lend, their efficacy comes from this. By the aspirations and harmonies which the æsthetic emotion stirs up in us, it paves the way, so to speak, for morality. Æsthetic pleasure draws us because, after all, it enchants us ; it gives us pleasure, and instead of being a hindrance to virtue, as many have considered it, it is rather a challenge and a spur, a stimulus to moral effort. It is really a transition between the satisfactions of our lower and more selfish existence and the joys of the moral life. The æsthetic, by reason of its nobility and purity, serves as forerunner and prelude to our higher activities.

CHAPTER IV

THE SOCIAL RÔLE OF ART

NEVER has so much been said as now about "social art," "popular art," "democratic art," as though art were not social except as inspired by a consciously humanitarian and sociological aim. Socialists and sociologists appear to be convinced of this, and with them many contemporary art critics.

From this it is only a step to consider painting, sculpture, architecture, and music as means only, subordinated to certain social ends; to conclude with Proudhon and Tolstoi that the fine arts, like those of practice, should find their end outside of themselves; to scorn the merely beautiful in art, to the advantage of something else. This step was quickly taken; Guyau maintains that in order to acquire all its value at whatever price—in order to justify itself, some thinkers would add, who demand that it should be first of all something besides itself—art should become a propaganda. I need not mention those who, in order to make art social, claim that it should

represent exclusively the life of the common people—workmen, peasants, and labourers. These may be purposely left out, since the morality of the things which they portray does not determine the morality of works of art; popular subjects such as those illustrating democracy would not in any way tend to make art social.

Apart from these thinkers, misled by a false intellectualism, there are others who see in art only an instrument of service to society, and in the artist a sort of philanthropic missionary. The artist should, they say, have an aim above mere art; he should not concern himself with the question whether or not æsthetic emotion is the essential thing. In fact, following the example of Tolstoi, they banish it from what we call the "fine arts," excluding it even from the definition of art, which is conceived merely as a useful process serving for the propagation of the sentiments of union and fraternity among men.

Making all reservations as to the position of these thinkers in holding only to that which has a manifestly social value—a strange position to take, since there are things which, while not openly so, are, nevertheless, of profit to society—their claim that art attains this dignity only when subjecting itself to an external end; the scorn

they profess for beauty, and their disregard of it apart from the utility attaching to it ; all this—tending, in our opinion, to subordinate the essential charm of art—comes, it would appear, from one fact. They have overlooked the truth that all art is, by nature, origin, and effect, properly social. There is no principle of art—apart from the elements of personal interpretation, which may be either favourable or hostile to social interests —which is not in its essence social in the sense of unifying, that is, productive and creative of sympathy.

I

The work of art is social, first, in nature and constitution.

There is no art, really, which is not collective. Every work of art is a synthesis, as M. Séailles has clearly shown : a synthesis not only in respect to its constitutional elements, but also in respect to the union of the sensibility of its author with reality. There is a communion of the author with the beings and things which he takes up and transforms in his work.

Similarly, the artist is one who loves, who is alive to all the sensations, receptive to all the manifestations, of life. He it is who by vocation

enters into profound and intimate contact, if not with all things at once, at least with his subject. He it is who, in understanding others, experiences the need of identifying himself with them. He it is, in a word, who is capable of forgetting himself in order to put himself into their place. He is consequently a being eminently social. They are wrong who reproach artists of genius, such as Rembrandt or Beethoven, with an egoism of which they, of all men, are the most destitute ; since they mistake for egoism that tension of the whole being towards a single aim, which every strong creative effort requires. Examining the works of great men in which they are essentially themselves, what do we find less limited and narrow ? What is more open to the throbbings of life than such works as those of the author of the "Symphony Héroïque," and of the "Resurrection of Lazarus" ? Who could be more broadly sympathetic to all phases of life than Wagner, who, in spite of his strong personality, or rather because of it, reflected in his dramas the shudders of a labouring universe ? We might say the same of Michelangelo, and of all truly great artists ; they were so, excelling their competitors, only by depicting in their works a more extended world, and one more profoundly felt.

MICHELANGELO. *Pietà.* [*St. Peter's, Rome.*

Every work of art is calm even in the expression of sorrow, and is endowed with calmness and unity.

Schopenhauer very well saw that æsthetic emotion, without which there is no art, bids him who makes use of its name forget himself in order to become a part of that which arouses it. It forms a tie or link which binds him to other men. It razes the stone wall which, in ordinary life, makes us strangers even to our nearest friends ; and it enables the artist to understand both the life of his fellow-men, even the most humble, and that which lies hidden in the heart of things. It makes of him a St. Francis of Assisi, brother to the chirping bird, the hovering butterfly, the swaying blade of grass, and the fading flower. In fact, thanks to æsthetic sentiment and by its agency, the artist penetrates intimately into things, not to lose but to enrich himself, and to enhance the value of his work.

Every work of art really worthy of the name is thus the product of the collaboration of the artist with the living beings or objects which it represents. There is no work of art which is not the fruit of this collaboration, and which cannot consequently be looked upon as a sort of ideal social union in which there are unified, in a synthesis which is special and indissoluble, the sensibility of the artist and of the subject. Thus we may say that all Andalusia sings in

"Carmen," all the country in the "Pastoral Symphony" and in the landscapes of Corot; and that all animals live on the canvases of Rosa Bonheur and in the bronzes of Barye.

It matters little whether the model has been idealised, merely copied, or actually undervalued. There is in the domain of art no caricature so disfiguring that it does not testify to some sympathy with its victims, in spite of all the irony with which it is loaded. Daumier, whose bourgeois figures carry the marks both of indulgence and of scorn, is the most striking example of the artist's sympathy with his subjects; for antipathy is not a principle of art. In the same way, those who are moved only by hatred are incapable of producing anything, even in caricature, that merits its name.

There is no work of art which is not in a sense a society, a society of souls; because there is none which does not arise from sympathy and tenderness, through the intermediary of the æsthetic emotion. While it calls upon the painter, the sculptor, and the musician to mingle their personalities with the universe, it moves them to create only to the extent of their ardour and love in the presence of life.

ROSA BONHEUR. *Ploughing Scene.* [*Musée du Luxembourg.*

A work of art aroused by sympathy with nature.

Every work of art is social in nature and constitution since it is aroused by sympathy.

II

The work of art is social, again, by reason of its origin.

There is no work of art, however particular, original, or solitary it may be, which does not reflect its society, period, and country in various ways. By nature emotional, the work of art reflects both the sensibility of its author and the shades of feeling which characterise the society in which it arises and to which it always belongs. These shades of feeling give character to the work of the artist—often without his knowledge—only because they are an integral part of his mind which resembles the minds of contemporaries. The aspirations of an age, its dreams, its ideals, constitute the atmosphere which he breathes ; this atmosphere fills his works in spite of him, and imprints on them a pattern in which we can find the elements which compose it. Now, what is more social than this mixture of sentiments, this environment, however indefinable it may be, in which a society discovers itself first of all, since men are united rather by their loves and hates than by their common ideas and practices. As M.

Ribot has shown again and again, ideas themselves have action on individuals and on crowds only through their emotional value, in the form of beliefs and desires. What is more social than the work of art which arouses the sensibility, and more than anything else preserves the sentiments which are current about it ?

Art is so truly social, from this new point of view, that no other monument of the past can replace it, as we have seen, as a guide to civilisation. Nothing can give us a better and more complete intuition of the past. The art of Louis XV. has about it something sumptuous, regular, and general, which reconstitutes for us the state of mind of that great century. So the majesty of the Egyptian religion is found in its pyramids ; the pantheism of the Brahman religion is suggested by the animals that swarm in its temple architecture ; and the positivism of the modern mind appears in the crudity of contemporary art.

It would be vain to say that works of architecture, painting, sculpture, and music can be separated from the society which produces them, citing the art of the revolution, for example ; for this was deliberately rustic. The country idyl was a part of the revolutionary ideal, thanks to

a sort of doubleness of conduct and ideal, or of the ideal itself appearing, as frequently happens with societies as with individuals, in two separate tendencies.

No matter whether the artist affects to be a stranger or an enemy to the society which surrounds him, he can never succeed in cutting himself off from it absolutely. On the other hand, the greater and more original he is, the stronger the personality with which he is endowed, the more will he reflect, as a mirror, varied aspects of its life. While the most personal of artists, were not Phidias, Bach, and Michelangelo at the same time the most open-minded and representative men of their time ?

Not only does the work of art reflect the society on which its style and tone necessarily depend, but it borrows a part of its contents or elements from that society. To society it owes its technique; for, while technique is merely style crystallised and formulated, it keeps no less in this form something of its original character. It is not until there is a popular style—which, arising from the people, contains and revises a part of their mentality—that the artists can make their personal contribution. One of the merits of Russian music, for example, is that it translates

the heart of the Slav through the inspiration of its songs. And this is not an isolated case. It often happens that the forms of music or of plastic art which the individual genius employs are created by the genius of a great number. In fact, the popular songs, as M. Tiersot says, furnish the substratum on which music has always rested. In this we see one of the resemblances of architecture to music ; for it owes more than do the other arts to the collective genius, to the soul of the crowd. Instead of being modelled after buildings, the pieces of jewelry, cabinet work, embroidery, tool-work, and pottery, which come direct from the hands of the artisans, precede the forms of the proudest architectural monuments and anticipate them.

It may be objected that great men are of virgin stuff, borrowing nothing and lacking nothing in themselves. But this is not true of any kind of genius ; not even of literary genius like that of La Fontaine, or of scientific genius like that of Newton. It is so much the less true of artistic genius, for art is more spontaneous in the common people than science or letters.

The further a tree extends its branches, the further it sinks its roots ; so the higher an artist aspires, the more he borrows from his surroundings

the numerous elements of which his work is composed. Although the genius builds up these elements, uniting and transforming them by the fire of his inspiration, in the creation of something supreme and hitherto unknown, nevertheless we easily recognise particles of stone taken from the popular quarry. In fact, individual genius and popular genius meet and intermingle throughout all the course of history. As the master of Bayreuth did not hesitate to say, "In order that an artist may create a great work, we must all work with him."

Admitting that this is somewhat exaggerated, still it is true that however great an artist may be, and however dazzling his work, a thousand ties bind him to the society in which he lives—ties of sentiment and of imitation—which prove that in its origin every work of art is social.

III

Being social in its nature and origin, it follows that art is necessarily social in its effect above and beyond the expressly social motives which the particular work may involve.

The work of art is social, first, in its effects on the individual.

Art socialises each and all of us because, while not giving us a lesson in morality, it predisposes us to morality, and whatever is capable of raising the moral level is to the highest degree social. Nothing is more socialising than virtue, since the perfection of each does not fail to carry with it, or at least act upon, the perfection of the whole. The first result of art is the death of *amour-propre*, jealousy, and envy, which are by definition anti-social, and the raising of our natures above the lower instincts and the grosser lusts, which are always their poisoned source. Art is, moreover, an excellent school of tolerance, since artistic sentiment allows different ideals, which we know not how to reconcile, the freedom to live and develop side by side. Still more, it encourages and bids them differ, since there is nothing truly artistic except personality. It excites us to throw aside all our exclusive ideas, all our narrow and sectarian dogmas; and this is the best means men have ever found of understanding one another. In the same way, art inclines us not only to respect others and their ideas, but to respect, in the largest sense of the word, all that is foreign to us. And this without causing us to lose anything of our own personality; for art provokes and stimulates the personality of its admirers.

The work of art socialises the individual, further and above all, because it causes each of us to sympathise with its creator, and, thanks to him, with his subjects and surroundings.

It causes each of us to sympathise with its creator. In truth, artistic contemplation causes us to take sides with him. Besides the work, the more or less æsthetic personality of the artist is what calls and attracts us. Artistic emotion puts us in communication (or, better yet, in communion) with him, as it previously put him in contact with the beings he had painted, sung, or sculptured. In truth, it causes us to live momentarily the life of the artist, and in mingling our personality with his it enlarges ours.

Thus, by the intermediary of its creator, the work of art makes us sympathise with men, animals, or things, as he was moved to in the moment of his inspiration. In order that a picture, a statue, or a melody should interest us fully, should it not capture us, so that we in turn participate—to a certain degree—in the things represented? Without this, what good could these images or songs do us? In reality, art is truly felt only in so far as it puts us in connection with the thing it portrays. It is in this way that landscapes and symphonies relating the

spectator to the most humble things become veritable social powers, authentic prophets of universal solidarity.

At the same time, the work of art necessarily causes its admirers to participate in the society which is mirrored in it. It puts us in communion as much with bygone times as with our own, with other countries as with our own. While contemporary works make us conscious of our time, old works teach us of dead and foreign civilisations. Art enlarges and broadens our sympathy in space as in time. It literally humanises us; it capacitates us in some way for humanity ; while, on the other hand, it makes us citizens of the universe.

Finally, the work of art is social in its effects on society itself.

The work of art not only leads its admirers to sympathise with its creator, with the country, and the time, and also with the subject it represents, but it causes all its devotees to breathe as one ; it establishes a bond between them. By means of the unanimity of the sentiments which the work of art arouses in their minds, it establishes a real society among them—a society the more definite and positive, in that it is based upon common feeling rather than upon common thought. This is why beauty calls for harmony more than science.

From the fact that in the first instance it arouses the sensibility, it is an incomparable sociological agent, or comparable to religion only. M. Camille Bellaigne writes understandingly, "We move and lead the crowd by its passions rather than by its ideas, by emotion rather than by evidence. Here as elsewhere it is easier to persuade than to convince."

However this may be, the power that art incontestably possesses of unifying, and consequently of socialising, the multitude, is so much the more effective and precious, since, on the other hand, there is nothing so particular and individual as the sensibility. Feeling is the highest principle of individuality—that by which we differ from each other; it is the most irreducible and individual part of us, at least on the surface (for our profounder sensibility draws us together as much as the superficial sensibility draws us apart). There is, accordingly, nothing so hard to overcome as the isolation of feeling; and there is nothing more socialising than the union of feeling. The work of art can then be considered as a common centre of interest for all its devotees. Not only does the work of art arouse between the most widely separated minds the kind of momentary fraternity which is born of a common admiration, but it

perpetuates through the ages the social bond which is founded on this union of sentiments. All those who are moved by its beauty through the ages come to join this social group, and to be a part of it. Are we not, by means of our admiration, in some degree the contemporaries not only of all those whose sensibility has constituted the environment of the work of art, but also of all those who have admired it as well? Every work of art is like a magnet of which the influence is passed on from link to link in a chain of minds. There is no work of art worthy of the name which does not found by this means a society, real no less than ideal, free from the limits of time and space.

It follows from this that nothing is better fitted for grouping a people around a common sentiment or ideal than a work of art. Moreover, if we accept the view that individual genius does not merely reflect and condense the social *milieu* in which it comes to light, but that it orders and makes precise the vaguer passions and more ill-defined aspirations of the crowd, modifying, transforming, and clarifying them—in short, that it adds something new—if we believe this, we are obliged to admit that, multiplying a hundred-fold what they receive from the people, the productions of genius are not limited in

their influence to helping a given society to take fuller account of its destiny ; they actually modify and advance it. The art of the century of Louis XIV. and that of the time of Pericles aided powerfully in the formation of the manners of all time. Masterpieces usually call forth an elevated ideal, an ideal social to the highest degree, in which the common depths of human feeling found in all that is good and enduring in each nation and epoch show themselves. The artist of genius mingles his personal aspirations with the common aspirations, and so contributes to the progress of the society to which he belongs, by presenting the ideal of a society both larger and better.

By uniting different men under the empire of a common feeling, in suppressing, provisionally, the distinctions which actually divide them, art prepares its followers for a definite and integral union. It gives to them, not by reasoning, but in an object-lesson, a foretaste of the joys of universal agreement ; it opens their eyes to the splendours of the future city promised to men of goodwill.

IV

But this is not all. The work of art is social both in itself and in its effects, only because it is social in principle. It is social because the beauty, or rather the æsthetic emotion which it provokes and supposes, is social by nature.

Without being altogether disinterested—since at the beginning at least the research that it institutes has pleasure for its end—the æsthetic emotion differentiates itself from purely egoistic emotion. Besides tending naturally in the direction of morality, and consequently in that of social progress, it is in part intrinsically an altruistic emotion.

It is so at least in its conditions. This is proved by the fact that neither amateurs nor artists feel this emotion strongly in any domain unless they forget themselves. The creator in art must have a certain innocence or freshness of sensibility which makes him capable of sympathy; and frankly egoistic persons, bound up in their own feelings, are strangers to the higher æsthetic joys.

In fact, the æsthetic emotion addresses itself to our faculty of loving, or at least proceeds from

it. It certainly implies this faculty. It is evidently one of the kinds of love, and not the least, since sexual love, which is the most frequent and vulgar form, is strongly mingled with æsthetic charm. "Art is tenderness," Guyau has said. Nothing is truer. Art is made up of sympathy, and calls it forth. Emotion of this kind always causes the spectator to share, if not the sufferings and joys of the beings represented, at least certain sides of their sensibility and of the sensibility of the artist in any case, since the emotion of the artist causes him to participate in the life of others—men and plants, animals and things—and binds his soul to theirs. After all, there is no æsthetic emotion which does not cause us to forget ourselves, which does not render us capable of feeling and loving, for there is none which does not mean the mingling of at least two minds in an intimate and ineffable reciprocity.

Art enlarges our comprehension then because it impels us to love, because it gives to the intuition of feeling, and to that of love, the advantage over that of the intelligence. While æsthetic emotion enlarges our sensibility it refines it at the same time. It arouses in us the taste

for great things, the need of self-sacrifice, the thirst for devotion. It bids us give of ourselves to all that lives in humanity and in nature.

Although beauty, which is by turns the cause and effect of æsthetic emotion—the cause in the spectator, the effect in the artist—does not constitute the whole sociological value of works of art ; although there are profoundly social motives which are not beautiful and, on the other hand, very beautiful works which shelter anti-social feelings as accessories, they owe their power of contagion none the less to beauty.

This is so true that a work of art devoid of beauty has no admirers, whatever may be the social value of the unessential sentiments to which it appeals. If it does not move those who contemplate it, æsthetically speaking, by its charm, and so is not beautiful, a plastic or musical representation runs the equal risk of having too much effect simply by the direct interest it excites. In either case it is true that a representation lacking æsthetic charm is powerless to produce united feeling among the spectators ; there is lacking the accord of disinterested sentiments, which is one of the principal results, if not the most precious, of æsthetic contemplation.

On the contrary, there is no true work of art,

truly adorned and endowed with beauty, which is not sociological in its effects. There is none so peculiar or so limited—take an eighteenth-century painting in religious art—there is none so bare of meaning beyond the æsthetic—let it consist purely and simply of combinations of colours, or of geometric figures, as often happens in the minor arts—that it is not, notwithstanding these restrictions, an instrument of concord, for the final reason that there is no work of art which under the forms of æsthetic emotion does not proceed from sympathy and in turn provoke it. Every work of beauty is social by this fact alone, even when it contains tendencies hostile to society and propagates them. In this sense every work of art is social because it is beautiful, in whatever direction (good or bad) the artist may have employed his gifts.

In spite of the accessory sentiments, which serve as harmonics, and which may counteract its social tendencies, a work of art has the more influence as it is more perfect. A masterpiece possesses a power of diffusion different from that of a mediocre work. A symphony by Beethoven, a portrait by Rembrandt touches the heart more profoundly than a comic opera by Donizetti, or a sketch by Charlet. So the social influence of Schumann is

greater and more durable than that of a musician like Auber. What is it indeed that makes works of art great, if not their universality and immortality—that is, to say, their social quality?

Obversely, a work of art is the more faultless as the æsthetic emotion from which it arises proceeds in its author from a great love; and this proves that beauty produces altruism only because it arises from it, that it is the cause only because it is also the effect, or rather because æsthetic emotion at the end, as at the commencement, is sympathy. The more sympathetic an artist is, the more tender he is, and thus the more capable of holding intercourse with a great number of men and things; the more he is inclined to share their life, even to the extent of joining his own intimately with theirs, the more brilliant and successful his works will be. No great masterpieces are devoid of a profound affection; and, likewise, there are no great artists who do not know how to live the life of others as, or better than, their own.

Sympathy is so truly constitutive of æsthetic emotion, it is so truly present both at the end and at the beginning, that in its absence the charm of the work of art—its merit, its value, and (I should like to say) its beauty—vanish away.

Sympathy is inherent and indispensable in æsthetic emotion. It is not, like morality, merely a sort of auxiliary ; it is a condition *sine qua non*. We have seen that the artist must not be incapable of forgetting himself, for he who is shut up in himself remains unmoved in the presence of nature. So there is no pleasure in art, even in the most beautiful expression of it, for the spectator who cannot forget the pursuit of the pleasure it gives him. A painter, an architect, a sculptor, or a musician may be skilful, expert, familiar with all the "tricks of the trade" ; but if his heart is not filled with the love which enriches the personality beyond all that it costs, his works—however learned and skilful they may be—will lack the fire and life kindled by the spark of beauty. So, too, dilettantism is powerless to produce or to enjoy the beautiful, for the adequate reason that, like avarice, it is dead to the promptings of the heart. Such a contraction of individuality, such a knot tied by this form of egotism around the human being hinders his æsthetic growth and productiveness. On the other hand, personal interests and ambitions check the flight of the artist, diverting him from his work by means of their preoccupations, and dry up his freshness and spontaneity.

This kind of solidarity existing between the

beauty of the work of art and its intrinsic or effective sociability demonstrates finally, better than all other considerations, that art is social in itself and in its principle ; it is social simply and only because it is beautiful. And the sociological power of beauty is determined only by the æsthetic emotion, which is already in many ways altruistic and social.

V

While every work of art is social by nature, origin, and effect, while art is a preface to morality and is essentially altruistic, still we must not conclude that because of this all works of art are on the same footing as to influence or social utility.

A work of art, as we have first seen, is more or less productive of unity. It exercises a power more or less "socialising," according to the degree in which it is itself altruistic in its immediate constitution and in its remote bearings, according as it arises from a more or less strong and universal emotion. It is clear that such a profoundly moving work as Beethoven's "Mass in D," or Millet's "Man with the Hoe," attracts more and better admirers, "taking hold of them" to a greater degree —"to the marrow of their bones," we might say —than do superficial productions such as narrative

pictures or "salon" romances. But this does not mean that these latter have no influence. The number of hearers that each musical style appeals to is, and must be, proportionate to the degree of emotional and sympathetic tension which each is capable of arousing. The sonata, for example, present in chamber music excites less universal feeling, and commands a less numerous audience, than the symphony, which is, of all musical forms, the one that contains most humanity.

Not only does the social force of works of art vary with the depth and amplitude of the emotion from which they arise—leaving out for the moment the social elements they contain merely because they are beautiful—but they tend in certain social directions, according to the quality of the sentiments aroused. This is the second way in which art becomes social by nature. If there are works which contain nothing but a hymn of love addressed to that which is beautiful, there are also those which embody truly altruistic sentiments. This is true of certain pictures by Sherniette and of certain pieces of music by César Franck. It is undeniably true that such works, more than others, are important factors in social progress. We can say the same thing of those which arouse not merely social but moral sentiments. They have

a double social value. They contribute to the progress of society by means of their beauty, and also by means of all their healthy influence upon their surroundings.

There is no socially meritorious subject which cannot, through its action upon the sensibility of the artist (and purely by this), increase the social benefit of works of art. Although there are paintings, sculptures, and pieces of music with social subjects which are not social at all, and, on the other hand, very social ones which have not a social theme, we cannot deny that certain sculptures, thanks to their emotional reverberation, are more fitted than others to arouse our sympathy and to benefit society. Moral and religious subjects belong to this category, along with those of popular interest. The treatment of workmen, peasants, and humble things in the art of the nineteenth century is significant. It indicates in the artist—Millet, Constantin, Meunier, Schubert, Roll—a real evolution of sensibility, the beginning of a new mental and social state.

On the other hand, despite the æsthetic emotion they contain, which remains always social, works of art may become anti-social, or detrimental to society, on account of the subjects treated and the sentiments which they excite. The subject

may be anti-social, either indirectly through its effect on morality, as is the case of certain works by Sodoma, or directly, as is seen in "Tristan and Isolde," the pessimism of which is in opposition to social interests, in certain canvases of Odilon Redon, or in certain songs of Hervé where the motive is pathological. Sentiments superadded in this way may well combat the altruistic tendencies of art or, by turning them from their proper meaning, make them serve an end in radical opposition to the social order.

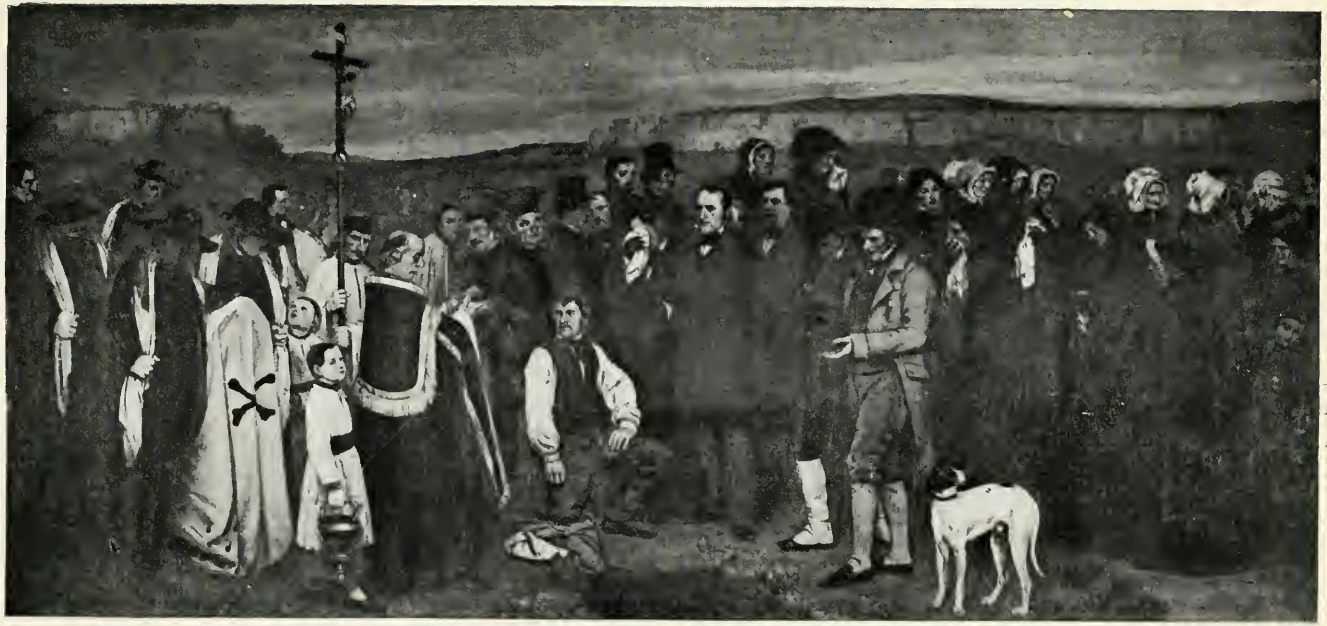
VI

Notwithstanding these fluctuations of the social value of works of art, and in spite of the opposition that may arise between these two ways of acting on society, it still remains true that, apart from its moral influence, art is social in itself.

It is so to such a degree that it socialises all that the artist puts in his work, the feelings first and through them the corresponding ideas and beliefs, as is seen in religious art of all time, which by diffusing feelings has always propagated dogmas. These ideas, which are for the most part those of a determinate society, larger or smaller—as in the art of Egypt on

one hand, and that of Philippe de Chaimpagne on the other—may be original with the artist. The artist may be any sort of a thinker, provided that in his works he contents himself with translating only the emotional side of his thought, that he does not pretend to state it clearly as in a book. By the fact that he is allowed to incorporate in his works sentiments foreign to the æsthetic proper, the artist shares his ideas—it may be but for an instant—with all those who admire his art. He divulges and diffuses them by means of beauty, which, acting only upon our sensibility, persuades us before it convinces us.

This power of art—of spreading abroad feelings and, through them, theories opposed to social interest—instead of being an argument against its social nature, is a proof of it, the more striking because this possibility depends upon the social force itself of art. It is really this social force itself which, turned against itself, so to speak, serves as the vehicle of the separatist tendencies which combat the naturally healthful social properties of art. In diffusing these feelings, art unites those to whom it makes its appeal in a common sentiment against their fellow-citizens. It socialises, so to speak, the anti-social tendencies in the service of which it is listed, strange



COURBET. *Burial at Ornans.* [*Louvre.*

A work of art stamped with hatred.

Besides their sympathetic nature, works of art can be social and anti-social by reason of the associated sentiments.

as the statement may seem, with a result both strong and efficacious. That is why it is not a valid argument against the social and essentially sociological value of art—to enumerate all the cases in which, through dilettantism or egotism, the accidental or superficial contents of the work of art pervert its social and æsthetic meaning, even to the extent of converting it into a sort of ferment of disorder. Since it is not the social influence itself that is bad, but only its perversion, it follows that it is through the latter that such works become of negative value.

Art, finally, is so social by nature and so suited to benefit society that its essential splendour may be impaired by inimical tendencies. This appears in many beautiful works. It is certainly true of certain anarchistic productions by Courbet, Hermann-Paul, and Debussy.

The altruistic tendencies, which augment the sociological value of art, on the contrary, exalt its beauty. Just as the work of the reactionary or dilettante is impaired by the artist's selfish preoccupations or antagonism to others, so, on the contrary, the work conceived in love grows more resplendent. It is because Beethoven poured out all his own compassion and invited all humanity to partake that the finale of

the "Ninth Symphony" touches the sublime. It is because it shows the highest conceivable forms of love. This is not less true of the Gothic cathedral. The masterpiece which truly expresses sympathy—feelings of love, pity, or fraternity among men, or even for animals—has, indeed, a different prestige, from the exclusively æsthetic point of view, from that of the masterpiece which is devoid of it; and it is again different from the masterpiece which expresses the opposite. Does not the grandeur of a work by Puvis de Chavannes, as shown in some of his frescoes, on the one hand, and the sublimity of the "Beatitudes" by César Franck on the other hand, arise from the love of humanity which they express? In respect to the meaning and function of beauty, therefore, we may say that a work is more beautiful as it is more social both intrinsically and in respect to its superadded tendencies.

While the altruistic value of the subject is truly felt by the artist, his work acquires an additional prestige. The music of Moussorgski owes part of its greatness, perhaps, to the pity which surrounds his subjects; while the art of Palestrina, Vittoria, Bach, Haydn, and Händel is perhaps more triumphant because of the value of Christianity which they celebrate.

Considering that the beauty of works of art increases both with the depth and extent of the sympathetic sentiments whence it springs, and with the social value of those sentiments which strengthen its expression, and, on the other hand, that this beauty withers at the contact of anything hostile, we are again right in concluding that there is more than one sort of pre-established harmony between sociability and the beauty of works of art, and that these two qualities meet at certain points.

To sum it up, art is social, whatever may be the subjects treated and the tendencies included. It is social by nature simply because it is beautiful, because there is no æsthetic emotion in the heart of those who live and practise it without warm sympathy, without intimate communion and reciprocal penetration of one another. Further, every work of art is social in origin and constitution before being so in its effects. It is social in its consequences because it is so in principle. A work of art is the more social as it is the more beautiful ; there is, indeed, nothing —apart from difference of subject and of superficial feeling—more social than a work of art ; for the reason that there is nothing more comprehensive and expressive of the social *milieu*,

because there is nothing, finally, which springs from a more profound, complete, and universal love.

It is certain that a work of art may be more or less useful socially, not only by reason of its beauty, but by reason of the foreign elements associated with its beauty. It may, under the action of these adventitious elements, become either an engine of harm or a powerful agent for progress. Art may be beneficent or harmful as it puts its power of contagion and, through this, of social unification at the service of healthful or harmful tendencies.

The duty devolves upon the artist, even in the interest of his work, of not injuring society, in the expression of his feelings, by opposing the interests of morality. It is profitable, and even essential, to the artist to open his eyes to the world, to be in sympathy with everything, especially with his fellow-creatures. By this means his art acquires more brilliancy as it loses in coldness. He must be infinitely careful, æsthetically speaking, to interest himself in the most humble of men, to suffer with them and to laugh with them. For this, and for his morality, he should interest himself in sociology, or, rather, in a more perfect ideal of society, always

BARTHOLOMÉ. *The Monument to the Dead.* [*Père-Lachaise, Paris.*

A work of art stamped with pity.

Besides their sympathetic nature works of art can be social and anti-social by reason of the associated sentiments.

on the condition that, instead of drying up his sensibility to these questions, this will arouse it further.

In a word, it follows from the sociological nature of art that, in order to be great, the artist must be a man of his time, and of all times, to whom nothing human or living is foreign. It follows also that, in virtue of a sort of mutual harmony between altruism and the æsthetic, feelings and subjects deliberately social cannot but contribute to the *éclat* of his art.

However, while there is no art which is not beautiful and, so much the more, no social art without beauty, the artist ought first of all to be simply a creator of beauty, for the work of art must give us pleasure even when we look at it merely from a social point of view. Guyau, Tolstoi, and Proudhon, and with them most of the partisans of social or sociological art, have caused this to be too much forgotten. These men, disregarding the æsthetic pleasure, or relegating it to a subordinate place, have assigned to art an aim which, not content with subserving general utility, is in itself exclusively utilitarian.

The subordination of art, and with it the pursuit of the beautiful, to an external and remote end only ruins it, taking away even its social power,

since art is socially effective only through and by means of its æsthetic charm.

Just as we cannot assign to art a moralising aim, so we cannot, without ruining it, bind it down to an explicitly social end. The artist has no more right to intrude his sociological preoccupations than he has to preach morality. While art is social in essence, since it is more social than moral, since it is marvellously adapted to the expression of all kinds of feelings, still it becomes so unwittingly, and often involuntarily, while struggling merely to fulfil its duty, to translate æsthetic emotion, and to arouse it in others. This is its first and principal care. If it may, besides, take the side of society, society itself must prove this by seeing to it that art preserves its beauty.

In fact, art is always social to some degree—in spite of the strange tendencies often mixed with it to help to destroy its proper meaning—because the beauty, which is its fundamental element, constitutive and necessary, is at the same time the germ and the flower of sympathy. It is social in definition and, as such, useful to the progress of societies. It is wonderfully adapted to spread abroad all that can help in this progress, simply because it is one of the forms of love which unites and enlarges all the others.

THE VALUE OF ART

CHAPTER V

THE CRITICISM OF ART

The incarnation of the æsthetic emotion felt by the artist in the presence of nature, the work of art, does not lend itself to a purely theoretical or intellectual criticism, which in its appreciations ignores the feelings and deals only with the intelligence.

While there is no absolute Beauty, either transcendent or natural, to which we can relate works of art, the intellect alone is powerless to measure their beauty exactly, just as it is incapable of deducing its laws. The art criticism has had its day, which recognised in the fine arts only the representation of certain noble subjects presented in a certain way, according to prescribed formal canons and technical rules not less formal. The "pyramidal" mode of composition, imposed upon painting for so long, is an example of this.

While, on the other hand, the work of art is worth nothing except for the æsthetic emotion which it contains, we must discard also the criticism—as, for example, that of Taine, whose valuation hangs on the benefit or morality of the

work, or that of Proudhon, Guyau, or Tolstoi, who find it in social efficacy, or, again, that of the partisans of "art for art's sake," whose criticism depends on technical skill or mastery of execution —the criticism that neglects its specific qualities, its *raison d'être* and principle. In the same way, it is wrong to give the title of art criticism—however useful and necessary they may be—to studies in geography, physiology, psychology, morality, sociology, or the technique of art, which we often find under this name. There is no true art criticism, except that which strives to understand, and to make understood and valued, the degree of art or of beauty which æsthetic works possess. Furthermore, since beauty is essentially emotional, it can be appreciated and judged, as Kant has pointed out in his "Critique of the Judgment," only through the æsthetic emotion which it arouses in us. The only true criticism of art, then, is felt.

Nevertheless, since feeling cannot be measured, since it varies in individuals even to the point of being the most subjective thing in the world, it would be erroneous to conclude that we must, in respect to art, give ourselves up purely and simply to the individual experience ; that we must accept everybody's report or—that which amounts to the same thing—nobody's ; that we must, in a word, renounce all criticism properly so called, and hold to

the impressions merely—with Vernon Lee among others, who, in revolt against intellectualistic prejudice, do not give to intelligence its due.

I

As æsthetic emotion exteriorised or crystallised in a concrete and sensible form, the work of art presents, and must present, certain exterior characteristics in which the qualities of the emotion which animates it appear, and without which it could not be beautiful. With the help of the sensibility in its most common and general modes, the intelligence can, then, if not understand works of art—since it is incapable of penetrating to their depths—at least distinguish truly beautiful works by the presence or absence of these marks. The student of æsthetics can thus formulate rules whose observance serves in some way as a sign and condition of beauty.

The æsthetic emotion being, first of all, harmonious, it is clear that the work of art ought to possess the harmony which, however disagreeable and disjointed the subject may be, imprints on it a serenity by which we can immediately distinguish it from the actual thing.

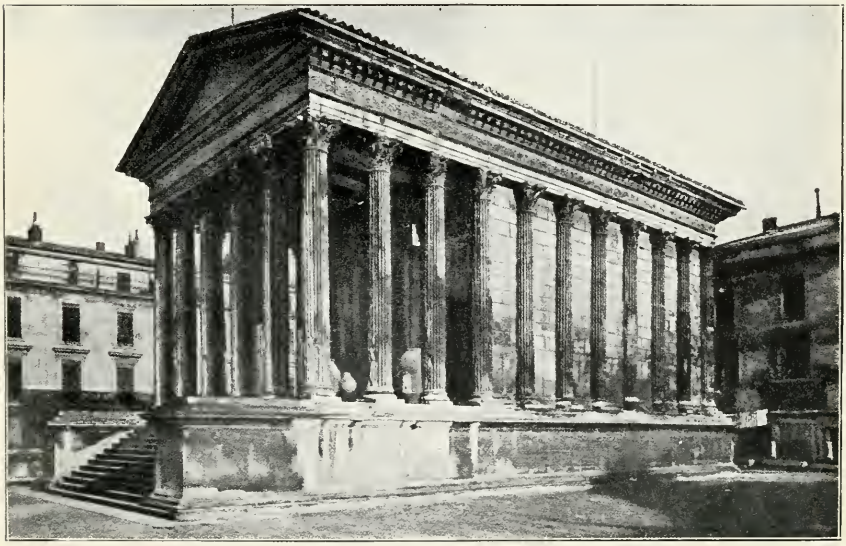
Does not the "Laocoön" or the "Niobé," the "Christ" by Carpeaux or the "Pietà" by

Michelangelo, the "Requiem" by Berlioz or the "Lamentations of Orpheus" possess a majesty and solemnity which prevents us from confusing them with the spectacle of reality itself? They are, unquestionably, debtors to the rhythm of the æsthetic emotion which penetrates them. However, we must not go wrong here. The harmony without which there is no beauty—because without it there is no æsthetic emotion—is not merely the external and superficial harmony which is recognised by science—whether we consider the fugue or the counterpoint, the arrangement of lines and colours, or the distribution of light and shade. How many learned works lack this something—the something that really balances the "Maison Carrée." Æsthetic harmony is not mere regularity or symmetry. The Station at Cologne and the Hall of Machinery are void of it, in spite of the geometrical balance of all their parts, while, notwithstanding its apparent aberrations, the temple of Ellorah possesses it, to say nothing of masterpieces as apparently chaotic as the "Fall of the Rebel Angels" by Rubens and Jerome Bosch.

In the same way, under penalty of not existing at all, the work of art must possess that inner unity from which all living harmony is engendered. At the same time that this unity contributes force, it affords another distinctive sign of æsthetic

Machinery Hall, Paris Exhibition.

A work endowed with purely logical harmony.



Maison Carrée, Nimes.

A work endowed with æsthetic harmony.

Every work of art is affectively (not logically) harmonious.

emotion, and consequently of beauty. Is it not this intellectual unity of subject that appears in the unity of action, of time, or place in the theatre ; and is it not the only unity present in the "Taverns" of Teniers and in the "Nibelungen Ring" of Wagner? What is indispensable is the unity which arises from emotion, and manifests its law. It is the unity of artistic inspiration rendered visible, so to speak ; not that intellectualistic unity which incited the critics of earlier times to condemn certain painters for having, in the same work, traced many episodes in the life of one person, as Memlinc did in the "Seven Joys" and "Seven Sorrows" of the Virgin. For the rest, this organic unity reveals itself the greater as it gathers in one a number of elements. A fresco like the "Dispute of the Holy Communion" differs in greatness from a picture of "Game" by Desportes, and the "Tetraology" from "Robert-the-Devil." This is the reason that many students of æsthetics have defined beauty as "Unity in Variety," while their intellectualistic prejudice has led them to seek it in the things represented rather than in the way in which they are represented. We could not commit a graver error, since the convergence in which æsthetic unity really consists, and without which there is no art, should be sought not in the subject looked at externally, so to speak, but in the sensible

elements, sounds, lines, and colours which correspond to the emotive unity of the artist, and give unity to his work. The sympathetic power of a work of art does not really depend on the multiplicity of the men or things represented, but on the variety of sensible elements which enter into the composition, and whose richness translates to the world that of the creative emotion. There are pictures showing many figures which are really poor, as, for example, the "May-Field" by Heim, while there are other very great ones, such as the "Erasmus" of Holbein, which portray but a single face. Unity in variety is essential in art only when thus understood; for the thought of the artist must reflect the unity of feeling, rather than impose its own unity upon the movement of inspiration. This was the error of the so-called "academic" school, which did not perceive that the only unity which matters is a unity lived, felt in the heart of the artist, and not a "plated" unity, one imposed from outside by the reasoning of a professor or a dialectician.

Æsthetic emotion being a fusion of nature and personality, the work of art shows likeness to reality or "semblance" of it, and this constitutes another æsthetic character or mark.

This does not mean, certainly, that every work of art is, or ought to be, strictly accurate in its

representation ; it shows, rather, the likely, the seemingly true, the probable. The true is not always the likely, and the likely is not always the true. While the true refers to the real, the likely or "semblant" treats only of the possible. It by no means requires, as Courbet supposed, the exclusion from the plastic arts of all beings which are not actually found in nature : Fra Angelico's angels, the devils on the cathedrals, Goya's monsters, Boucher's cupids, gods and goddesses, dragons and chimeras. Instead of this, it merely forbids the absence of harmony—as when the organs of these beings are too incongruous, as in certain devils of Brueghel the elder, in which the members are joined up with tools of all sorts.

The "semblant" is, on the whole, nothing else than the character of possibility, which should clothe even the most extravagant imaginations in painting or sculpture, and in architecture and music ; the feelings witnessing to the truth or sincerity of the emotion from which they proceed, as Ruskin has shown in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. It forms the sheath, or the internal logic—not rational but affective—of all beautiful creations. Works in which the unlikely appears, indicating a want of life, the abortive fancies of sickly brains, painful creations of unsound minds, bad imitations or misinterpretations of reality,

should be placed outside the domain of art. Witness the pictures of Wiertz, and the pretentious modern villas. This is the fault of all the platitudinous imitations of nature's sublime effects that bore us in the salons.

II

We may go still further, however, beyond this preliminary distinction, which merely serves to separate the tares from the wheat, the works of art from those which have no right to the name.

Their merit is in a sense proportional to the depth and intensity of the æsthetic emotion which they embody ; they may be judged truly, classed only according to the quality of the emotion which they excite, by sympathy and suggestion, in the mind of the spectator ; but this is not to say that nothing fixed and definite can be ascertained in the way of appreciation of their qualities, good and bad, that we cannot sit in judgment upon their subjects and distribute to them grades of beauty. We can do all this. It is possible to discuss taste and preference ; not that it is possible to persuade any one that what he finds agreeable is really disagreeable to him, but that he is wrong in finding it agreeable, judging from the basis of normal sensibility, upon which Fechner

and Helmholtz have founded a sort of scientific preface to æsthetics. This is truer still of psychic phenomena as complete, and on certain sides as intellectual, as the emotion of the beautiful. Although men differ in their sensibility, there is in them all a common unity more profound than the differences. Before the same object—I do not say in nature, where the rôle of the spectator is important, but in art, where the spectator has but to follow something already made—the æsthetic emotion differs in different cases in degree rather than in kind. It varies from zero to a maximum, since it is only the echo or imagination of that from which it springs, the emotion lived by the author and embodied in his work.

In matters of art, the greatest differences seem to arise from the fact that there are some persons of fine and others of false sensibility; some normal, others perverted; some deviated by personal interest and passion, others by prejudice; while many flagrant discords seem to arise from lack of proper æsthetic education. Let it not be said that this need of preliminary education in exercising the power of sympathetic response, in feeling the thrill of union with the æsthetic emotion, embodied in the works of art and constituting their glory, proves that this faculty is artificial and unnatural, an arbitrary product of mode and convention,

lacking a basis of certainty and truth ! The opposite is true ! The education which is indispensable if we wish to cultivate the appreciation of beauty, wherever it may be, is not so much an acquisition, an instruction, as an apprenticeship in refinement and a preparation by the removal of the dross which, in ordinary life, obscures the sensibility of the common man. It is the clearing away, in other words, of all the parasitic vegetations —interests, desires, passions, prejudices—which hinders its normal exercise in the ordinary man. Rather than a process of acquisition, it is one of deliverance from the habits which prevent us from recognising æsthetic emotion in the diverse forms it assumes in time and place. There are men who are not moved by Dutch art, while enraptured by that of Italy ; there are those who are fascinated with Beethoven's music, but not moved by that of Mozart ; and the likelihood is that—with the exception of the legitimate preferences arising from character—these differences come from a partial dulness of sensibility due to routine. One is not moved, because one does not allow oneself to be moved ; one is repelled from the first by forms to which one is not accustomed, and whose character one does not seek or care to penetrate.

In spite of these differences, divergences, and apparent contradictions, a beautiful work, being

the sensible manifestation of the æsthetic emotion from which it arises, has the mission of arousing it in its turn in the spectator, and of arousing it in nearly the same form as that experienced by the artist. It should be so, and often it is. There is, in fact—in spite of the variations, shifts, reactions, contradictions, and modes—a sort of universal consent in matters of art. The hallowing of time, which is necessary to give art products their rank, is proof of this, as it is its effect. Besides, without a germ, at least, of community and accord, there could be no art, on account of the impossibility the artist would find of communicating his feelings to any one at all.

It follows, in any case, that it is possible to judge of the properly æsthetic value of works of art by their echo in our own personal sensibility, on condition that we be prudent, and that we compare our impressions with those of the better-informed.

We can judge of the æsthetic emotion which works of art contain, first of all, by the force of that which they arouse in us. A "taking" work, æsthetically speaking, which entrances us or throws us into ecstasy—a work which haunts us, so to speak—has more chance of being really beautiful than a work which merely pleases us. It is probable that a work remaining in our memory, after having moved us to our very souls, contains

greater æsthetic emotion than that which is immediately forgotten. The "Virgin of the Rocks" by Leonardo da Vinci is undoubtedly superior to a "Madonna" by Fra Bartolommeo, because it "strikes" us in a different way.

It is the same with the quality of this emotion, since the echo in us of an original work of art is more prolonged and powerful than that of a trifling one whose beauty is but skin-deep. To convince ourselves of this, we need but compare the effect of an "Interior" by Van Ostade with that of one by Meissonier, that of the "Armide" by Glück with that of the "Armide" by Sulli, that of the cathedral of Laon with that of the cathedral of Fourvières. The intensity of the feeling of pleasure is the consequence and mark, as much of the depth or originality as of its extent of the artist's emotion.

Secondly, we can appreciate the beauty of works of art by the truth of the impression they make on us and its relation to our knowledge of nature. The synthesis of artistic sensibility with the sensibility for things, which constitutes æsthetic emotion, is proportional to the depth of what it reveals to us of the scenes of nature, or of the feelings which it uses as objects. A landscape which shows us the heart of things is very different from that which merely presents

them. A picture by Daubigny is well above an impressionistic canvas by Sisley or Pisaro, while a portrait showing us the character of the model—a Holbein, for instance—is superior to a Renoir, which shows us merely the skin, in the play of light and shade. For this reason the "Roy d'Ys" surpasses "Fra Diavolo" by its revelation of the intimate possibility of drama. Since the objective depth of a work of art is one with its power of exciting æsthetic emotion, the latter affords the best means of judging of its force. A work gains in intuitive comprehension all that it acquires in subjective intensity. It is thus that we judge that the vision of a Rembrandt and a Beethoven is clearer than that of a Ferdinand Bol and a Brahms! In the same way, those who violate nature, like Cézanna and Donizetti, through superficiality, are not judged original.

Lastly, we can value the beauty of works of art more or less by the perfection with which they translate the æsthetic emotion which it is their object to reveal.

Since art is the concrete form of this emotion, intentions do not count as far as art is concerned; nothing counts in painting, sculpture, architecture, and music except what is expressed. No doubt a work lacking skill, but still inspiring the feeling of the beautiful, is vastly superior to a skilful

one, whether scientific or *à la mode*, which does not. The inexpert paintings by Fra Angelico are incomparably greater than the technically correct ones of Carracci and Guido Reni. The imperfections of Schumann do not prevent his putting Liszt in the shade. This is indisputable. Nevertheless a fault of execution is a fault, a real defect ; and it is folly to imitate them, as certain of our contemporaries have reproduced the errors of the primitive school, while lacking all their inspiration. Further, it is in connection with execution that science is useful to art, as Dr. J. Paul Richer has insisted. It is useful, first, by reason of all the knowledge of the real it contributes ; for purely intellectual knowledge, while not the most profound, is none the less indispensable. It is useful to art, again, from the point of view of technique, which cannot be neglected ; for nowhere, least of all in art, can we, without defeating our end, scorn the means by which we attain it. The emotion which stands between the artist and the spectator has the more importance, as it is charged with translating beauty, with mediating the emotion, with transmitting it from one to the other. Execution is that without which, however radiant it may be, the emotion of the artist cannot exist for others.

In the appreciation of works of art, then, it is

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES. *The Poor Fisherman.* [*Luxembourg.*

Each defect in execution lessens the beauty of works of art.

The execution of a work of art should translate as exactly as possible the emotion which inspired it.

necessary that the execution be true to the æsthetic emotion, and adequate to express in its integrity and complexity that which it reveals. Although it does not constitute the whole beauty of the work, it is its necessary condition ; since there is no art which does not appeal to the senses. Can we believe for a moment that the imperfect work, which does not tell all it has to tell, or does not tell it as it should, is artistically equal to the work of like inspiration which tells its story plainly and completely ? Does not the work of Puvis de Chavannes suffer a certain inferiority from the crooked and unsteady persons he puts into it ? On the other hand, the cause of Raphael's sovereignty consisted partly in the power of technical skill, which enabled him to bring to light all that was in his heart. This is the case alike with Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner.

The trained judge can divine insufficiency and awkwardness, the obstacles to expression. Sharing and reconstructing the emotion of the artist, in spite of the hesitancies and faults of composition which disfigure and injure it, he corrects it, straightens it out, or shows in what ways it may be improved and completed. There is no æsthetic emotion which the skilled critic cannot take up and carry on to the end the artist failed to achieve. In another order of ideas, this is what the dramatic

critics do every day in recomposing a play, not only from the point of view of its presentation, but also from that of its conception. This is permissible also in art, but in an infinitely more delicate and subtle form.

III

But this is not all. We have shown that the more external intellectuality, morality, and sociability of a work of art—the ideas, the moral and social tendencies, for which art often serves as a vehicle, apart from its own inherent quality—contribute to its beauty, adding a new radiance to its brilliancy. If this be true, works of art should be appreciated not alone from the strictly æesthetic point of view, but also in relation to the ideas and social and moral sentiments that they contain. Although not constituting the basis of art criticism and coming into view only after the examination of the strictly æsthetic qualities, it is no less important to take them into consideration in the estimation of the beauty of the works under examination.

A work full of ideas properly translated into emotional language and proceeding from the sensibility of the artist ranks higher—the specific æsthetic value being the same—than a work that lacks them. The pictorial inferiority of Poussin's

work is redeemed to a certain degree by his enthusiasm for ideas. If they lacked this, the works of this painter would be ranked lower than they are. In other cases, as in the cases of Le Sueur, the mere presence of this enthusiasm does not redeem the work that lacks really artistic qualities. It is in respect to this intellectual value that the choice of a subject has its importance in criticism, apart from its merely emotional quality. It may allow and excite reflection. "Grace before Meat" by Chardin is, in this way, superior to his "Kitchen Utensils," and the "Descent from the Cross," waking the thought that it does, is a different subject from an "Équipe de Parqueteurs." Christian art is indebted for part of its splendour to the symbolical grandeur of its doctrines.

On the other hand, the æsthetic merit being equal, a moral work shines with a brilliancy different from that of a corrupt or indifferent one. Händel's "Messiah" is worth infinitely more, æsthetically, by reason of its morality alone, than the elaborations of Offenbach, or the "Afternoon of a Faun." Moral enthusiasm contributes to the æsthetic grandeur of Michelangelo's, Bach's, and Millet's works, while the perversity of many modern productions is one cause of their failure.

This is true also of social quality. It adds grandeur and beauty to æsthetic emotion. It

gives to it impulse and breadth, as we see in the "Symphony with Chorus," and in the works of Sherniette, Carrière, Roll, Constantin, Meunier; while, on the contrary, the works devoted to anti-social propaganda lose, for this reason, much of their charm.

All these sentiments, tendencies, and ideas, however foreign they may be in themselves, belong to art criticism, entering in, where the function of beauty is concerned, through the æsthetic emotion which they accompany in the mind of the spectator as well as in the work itself. They are worthy of consideration only as playing this rôle. But under these conditions, and in this light, they indisputably enter from the strictly moral and social points of view, and not merely from the intellectual, which certain theorists erroneously consider identical with that of art criticism.

IV

When all is said, and in spite of all the resources to which it may resort, art criticism continues to depend more than any other—notably, more than literary criticism—upon the personality of the critic himself. This is so true that we cannot formulate its laws without enumerating the qualifications he ought to possess, and defining

the psychic attitude in which he should approach works he is called upon to judge. As in logic, common sense is not here the best sense : in art numbers avail less than quality of judgment ; and it is for this reason that art criticism is most indispensable, the bulk of men having need, in such a subject-matter, of being enlightened by those of more refined sensibility.

It naturally follows that there can be no worthy art criticism which does not proceed from delicate sensibility. That is the principle. It must keenly feel the beauty if it wants to see and feel what there is in works of art more than vain images. It should be in sympathy, first of all, with what is beautiful, and be able to arouse the feeling of the beautiful by means of words. It would no doubt generally harm the critic to be an artist himself, because of the prejudicial party feeling that this would necessitate in spite of the strictest impartiality, or because of the prominence that technical considerations would take in his mind ; yet he should be an artist in temperament, able to recognise in the artist's feeling what he himself has felt. This need of fit sensibility, because of which each person understands only according as he appreciates, explains why it is that the spectators discuss a work of art without penetrating its life or touching its

depth, the vital meaning characteristic of the work. How can they, if they are not gifted with a sensibility fine and pure enough to enter into communion with those of the masters—the Mozarts, Beethovens, Rembrandts, and Raphaels—who express themselves in the masterpieces of art!

Not only are intelligence, learning, and scholarship powerless to replace sensibility in these matters, they are nothing without it, although they may fortify and justify it—and sometimes also hide the blemishes and delude the observer! One may know the dates and all the stones of the construction of the cathedral of Amiens, attributing the plans without hesitation to Robert de Luzarches, possessing a monograph of all the details, without understanding its true character the least in the world. We might discover the identity of the "Man with the Glove," name all the personages shown in Veronese's "Marriage at Cana," we might even catalogue all the peculiarities of these two pictures and note the disposition of lines and tones, the details of composition, attitude, architecture, perspective, and yet have no knowledge of the meaning! An archæologist may know all about Greek art and yet be blind to its genius. The technical study of the "Symphony in A," the patient analysis of its harmonies, melodies, and chords, would never

RAPHAEL. *La Belle Jardinière.* [*Louvre.*

The style of works of art instructs us as to the personality of the author. The same subject treated by different artists varies according to the personality of the artist.

reveal the grandeur of the music, nor the music itself. In order to penetrate the mysteries of a work of art, it does not suffice to be armed with magnifying-glass and compass; the most extended and varied study, the most laborious examination will not reveal the secret. There must be the gift—the grace, so to speak. Even those most skilled are without it unless they are as little children at heart, unless they have that freshness of sensibility which opens communication with the originality which every truly beautiful production contains.

How wrong to say that a work of art is addressed only to the intellectually privileged few! How many simple-minded men, gifted with a vivacious and delicate sensibility, surpass the most learned! In the Middle Ages the Cathedral was the Bible of those who could not read. Do we need historical information to be impressed by the distress of Michelangelo's "Captives," or documents on Chaldean civilisation to be struck by the calm of "Goudea," that royal builder of cities? Is it necessary to have penetrated the secrets of the fugue and counterpoint to be transported with religious fervour in hearing the music of Bach? Certainly not!—because historical knowledge explains the work of art in another way than by itself; it cannot aid us in penetrating to its secret and living soul. An

ignorant but well-endowed sensibility is worth more than volumes of dry scholarship.

In order to be capable and delicate in matters of art, the sensibility of the critic should be rid not only of all prejudgments and prejudices with regard to styles, interests, and ambitions which might dull his perception, but also of learning, of historical, geographical, and technical interest which the subject or the treatment may present, of all considerations, in short, which might incline him to indulgence or severity, apart from purely æsthetic reasons and the emotion that justifies them. The Christian ought not to admire all the portrayals of Christ that he meets because he sees in them portraits of his God. We do not call the "Coronation of Napoleon" a masterpiece because it represents a great event of history. The romances of Paolo Tosti are pitiable things in spite of their beauty of language; the drawings of Victor Hugo do not merit better because of their origin.

Still more is required of the critic of art. He must forget his habits, his preferences, his tastes and dislikes in matters of style, however legitimate they may be, in order to realise the æsthetic emotion in its purity. For this reason, neither novelty nor antiquity is a sufficient motive for praise or blame. There are too many who applaud the unusual and rare merely because it

is unusual and rare ; and there are too many who exclaim against the new in the interest merely of that which is traditional and old. To reach the state of impartial comprehension, the art critic must descend each time into the depths of his own experience, and isolate anew his own æsthetic emotion from contact with foreign and extraneous elements, even those of the emotional order, as M. de la Sizeranne has shown. Neither the symbolism, the morality, nor the sociability of works submitted to his appreciation should influence his judgment or his emotion, in so far as they do not increase the beauty of the whole, when he endeavours to value them from the purely æsthetic point of view. In order to break loose from all these influences, it is good for the critic to confront the impression which he receives of a work with that which he has received from similar works, contemporary, domestic, or foreign. This is necessary to control and strengthen his impression. And he should repeat this experience at intervals as far apart as possible, in order to discover what remains identical. There is no other way of evading transient and prejudicial impressions.

The sensibility of the art critic, then, must be informed. In order not to be bewildered by externalities, in order to find the æsthetic emotion concealed in different modes of expression, he

must necessarily have seen, heard, and felt much ; he must have lived much in contact with works of art, to be familiar with all the forms that the æsthetic emotion may take on. Is it not to insufficiency of æsthetic education that we must attribute the condemnations with which impartial critics have often hailed the first manifestations of genius, as in the case of Puvis de Chavannes and Berlioz ?

Furthermore, while the critic may not confine himself to the examination of technique and execution, he should still be competent in these matters, able to judge whether the sentiment of the artist is properly and most fittingly expressed. Herein lies the merit of artist critics, such as Fromentin and Berlioz, although they sometimes fail by taking the point of view of technique apart from the emotion of which it is the instrument.

Finally, although the first qualification of the art critic is æsthetic sensibility, without which all else is vain, it does not follow that he should be ignorant. Historical and biographical knowledge, analogies, observations of social life, study of the combinations and oppositions of various styles, are not sufficient nor even indispensable. Such information is, nevertheless, a great help. It guides the emotion, and directs it through the variations of style and feeling which accompany

and express the emotion of the artist. In order to rise to the full comprehension and the true feeling of widely different works of art, the critic must know how to adapt himself to the conditions of time and place which vary the expression ; he must not make the same demands upon a piece of Japanese ware and a Christian fresco, upon Gregorian monody and modern polyphony. Arabian art can be fully understood only by one who knows something of Arabian civilisation. Biographical indications help to reveal the thoughts of an artist—Schumann, for example. History helps us to understand works of art better, because it teaches us of the surroundings and contemporaries of the artist—say, of Ontamaro, Phidias, Jean Goujon, Michelangelo, Rubens, Greuze, and Carpeaux ; it transports us to China and Greece, and from there to Italy and Holland. It sheds light upon the beliefs, habits, temperaments, and familiar haunts of artists and peoples, and helps us to understand them.

So, too, intelligence is far from useless to the art critic ! He should be able to consider, to reason, to analyse phenomena as fugitive and imperceptible as æsthetic emotion. He should have a judgment fine and sure, a refined and solid common-sense, the dexterity and delicacy of thought of the psychologist. Indeed he ought to be one.

Further, the art critic must inquire into the ideas, morality, and social tendencies of works of art; and to this end he should be well informed not only in history and geography, but also in ethics, sociology, and psychology.

In conclusion, there is indeed an art criticism; a criticism of that which gives specific value of works of art; a criticism of beauty, which is, so to speak, as far from dogmatism as from impressionism. This criticism appeals first of all to feeling, to æsthetic emotion, and admits of nothing not dependent on it, although it recognises that this emotion has laws by which it incarnates or objectivises itself with all its qualities in painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. By these laws the beauty of each is judged.

We can discover and follow these laws only by means of the feeling experienced in the presence of works of art; but it follows, no less, that these laws can be rediscovered and formulated by reflection. Yet for the appreciation of works of art finesse is more important than argument, feeling than intellect, emotional capacity than logical faculty. This gives it its peculiar difficulty, and adds emphasis to the personal factor.

INDEX

INDEX

A

Æsthetic emotion, 11, 23, 25, 26 *seq.*, 37 *seq.*, 49 *seq.*, 65, 68, 78, 104, 106 *seq.*, 118 *seq.*, 127, 129 *seq.*, 148 *seq.*, 155, 163, 168 *seq.*, 187 *seq.*, 194 *seq. et passim.*
Aix-en-Provence, prison, 17
Albigenses, 105
Amiel, on landscape, 56
Amiens Cathedral, 206
Amphion, stories, 30
André, Père, on beauty, 13
Andrea del Sarto, 142.
Appreciation, differences of, 26
Architecture, 7, 9, 47, 66, 67, 74, 101 *et passim.*
  Gothic, 26, 102, 103, 160
Aristotle, on virtue, 135
Arréat, on science of æsthetics, 37
Art, arts, *passim*
  "Academic" school, 18, 192
  "Artistic attitude," 116
  Beauty and, 68, 139. *See* also Beauty and Nature
  Chinese and European, 26
  Critic, requisites for, 208 *seq.*
  Criticism of, 187 *seq.*, 212
  Definition of, 5, 10, 11, 68
  End of, 63
  Fine arts, 5 *seq. et passim.*
  — End of, 10
  — Two classes, 67
  Greek, 34, 125, 140, 147, 206
  Morality of, 105 *seq.*, 139 *seq.*, 148 *seq.*
Art, Nature and, 41 *seq.*, 46 *seq.*, 61. *See* also under Beauty
  Play and, 11, 12, 63 *seq.*
  Practical and liberal, 5, 64, 102
  Results, 162 *seq.*
  Rôle, 73 *seq.*
  Social rôle, 151 *seq.*, 181
  Subterfuge in, 114
  Two schools and methods, 14
  Value of, 187 *seq.*
  What is it? 3 *seq.*
  Works of. *See* Works of art
Artist:
  Aim of, 9
  Interpretation of nature, 35 *et passim.*
  Originality, 52 *seq.*
  Personality, 19, 39, 42 *seq.*, 49 *seq.*, 57, 63, 77, 81 *seq.*, 95, 108 *seq.*, 143, 153 *seq.*, 163, 172, 178, 182
Assyrians, 75
Athletic sports, 11
Auber, 172
Augustus Cæsar, 89

B

Bach, 147, 159, 180, 201, 203, 207
Barye, 97
  Bronzes, 156
Baud-Bovy, 62
Baudoin, engravings, 126

Beauty, 23, 38, 139, 170, 187 *et passim.*
Absolute, 15 *seq.*
Nature and, 14, 15, 20 *seq.*, 31 *seq.*, 41 *seq.*, 57 *seq.*, 61
Objective, 13, 14, 28 *seq.*
Perfection and, 17
Subjective, 13, 14, 23 *seq.*, 28
What is it? 12 *seq.*, 191
Beethoven, 39, 42, 81, 154, 171, 179, 196, 199, 201
"Mass in D," 174
Bellaigne, Camille, 165
Berlioz, 83, 210
"Faust," 40
"Requiem," 19, 190
Bernini, "Saint Thérèse," 109
Biblical MSS. illumination, 74
Bizet, "Arlésienne," 63
Bol, Ferdinand, 199
Bonheur, Rosa, animals, 156
Bosch, Jerome, 44
"Fall of Rebel Angels," 190
Bosse, Abraham, 75
Bossuet, on art, 119
Botticelli, "Virgin," 19
Boucher, 87
Cupids, 193
Princesses, 94
Bouguereau, 18
Brahms, 199
Brueghel, miseries, 19, 109, 193
Brunetière, on art, 106, 118, 120, 126
Buffon, on style, 57

C

Cain, 97
Callot, Jacques, 43, 44, 76, 109
"Cripples," 20
Canova, "Perseus," 18
Caricatures, 19, 43, 44, 61, 69, 109, 124
Carpeaux, 211
"Christ," 189
Carraccis, works, 145, 200
Carrière, works, 204
Catacombs, frescoes, 76
Cézanna, 199
Chaimpagne, Philippe de, 178
Chardin, 76
"Benedicite," 203
"Pâté," 56
Charlet sketches, 171
Chaudet, statues, 90
Chavannes, Puvis de, 180, 201, 210
Chenier, 40
Cherbuliez, 46
Claude Lorrain, 41, 96
Clodion, statues, 126, 141
Clouet, women, 93
Conduct, art of, 5
Constable, 96
Constantin, works, 176, 204
Copyists, 88
Corneille, women, 93
Corot, paintings, 4, 62, 96, 156
Correggio, 146
"Antiope," 38
"Magdalene," 128
"Nativities," 108
Courbet, 179, 193
Cousin, pictures, 91

D

Daubigny, pictures, 199
Daumier, caricatures, 147
Figures, 156
David, Félicien, 90
"Desert," 48
"Lalla-Roukh," 63
David, J. L., romances, 77
Debussy, productions, 179
Decamps, paintings, 86
Delacroix, 86, 97
Desportes, "Game," 191
Devéria, paintings, 86
Diaz, 62
Diderot, 17.
On Correggio's "Magdalene," 128
Dilettantism, 145, 173, 179

d'Indy, Vincent, "A Summer-day in the Mountains," 48
Dog, model, 16
Dolci, Carlo, works, 145
Donizetti, 199
  Operas, 171
Dürer, Albrecht, "Holzschuher," 89

E

Egypt, art of, 177
  Customs, 175
Eiffel Tower, 22
Ellorah "Grottos," 76
  Temple, 190

F

Falconet, goddesses, 19, 146
Fechner, 194
Flandrin, 76
Fontainbleau Forest, 36
Fontaine, architectural works, 90
Forain, works, 109
Fouillée, on idea, 108
Fouquet, miniatures, 91
Fourvières Cathedral, 198
Fra Angelico, 81, 145, 200
  Angels, 193
Fra Bartolommeo, "Madonna," 198
Fragonard, 87, 126
  "Venus de Médici," 110, 128, 141
Franck, César, 175
  "Beatitudes," 180
  "Symphony in D Minor" 137
Frémiet, 97
Fromentin, 210

G

Gabriel, 39
Games, 11
Girodet Trioson, pictures, 60
Glück—
  "Armide," 198
  "Orpheus," 140
Goujon, Jean, 91, 211
Gounod, "Faust," 41
Goza, monsters, 20, 109, 137
Greece, origins of, 75
Greuze, 211
Groos, on art, 11
Gros, 41
  "Plague-stricken," 20
Grünewald, 19
Guérin, pictures, 60
Guyau, on art, 11, 151, 169, 183, 188
    On beauty 14, 33

H

Händel, 180
  "Messiah," 203
Hanslick, on art, 11
  On music, 24
Haydn, 180
  "Seasons," 48
Hegel, 62, 105, 124, 131
  On beauty, 14
Heidbruick, works, 109
Heim, "May-Field," 192
Helmholtz, 195
Hermann-Paul, 179
Hervé, songs, 177
Hogarth, 43, 110, 147
Holbein, "Dance of Death," 44
  "Erasmus," 98, 192
  Portraits, 199
Houdon, "Voltaire," 98
Hucheson, on beauty, 23
Hugo, Victor, 208
Hussites, 105

I

Iconoclasts, 105
Idealism, 14, 43 *seq.*, 61, 69, 124
Imagination, 8
Ingres, "Odalis," 128

J

Jansenists, 105
Jordaens, works, 146
Jouvenet, "Madonna," 55

K

Kant
"Critique of the Judgment," 188
On beauty, 15, 23, 25

L

La Berge, 21
La Fontaine, 160
Landscape painters, 96
Laon Cathedral, 198
Largillière, princesses, 94
Le Nain, pictures, 97
Lebrun, decorations, 91
Legros, "Æsop," 59
Lee, Vernon, 189
Leo X., 86
Leonardo da Vinci, 39
"Mona Lisa," 98, 147
"Virgin of the Rocks," 198
Liszt, 40, 200
Literature, 66
Morality and, 107, 112
Logic, 7, 8
Loti, prose, 66
Louis XIV., art of, 167
Louis XV., art of, 158
Luzarches, Robert de, 206
Lyon, women, 93

M

Mahomet, attitude towards art, 105
Malebranche, on imagination, 8
Man, beauty of, 16
Mansard, 39
Mantegna, works, 109
Massenet, M., 65
Mathematician, 8
Mauclair, Camille, 65
Meissonier, "Interior," 198
Memlinc, 98
"Seven Joys," "Seven Sorrows," 191
Virgin, 19
Mermaid, 8
Mesdag, 62
Metallurgy, 5
Meunier, works, 176, 204
Michelangelo, 154, 159, 203, 211
"Captives," 207
"Moses," 34
"Pietà," 189
Sistine Chapel paintings, 76, 147
"Thinker," 140
"Venus of Cnidus," 110, 141
Mignard, princesses, 94
Millet, 97, 176, 203
"Angelus," 140
On language of trees, 52
"Man with Hoe," 174
Moussorgski, music, 180
Mozart, 39, 42, 120, 146, 196
"Requiem," 19
Music, 9, 22, 24, 48, 66, 67, 74, 100, 159, 160
Sonata and symphony, 175
Mycenæ, domes of, 75

N

Nattier, princesses, 94
Nature and beauty, 14, 15, 20 *seq.*, 31 *seq.*, 41 *seq.*, 61. *See* also under Art and Beauty
Newton, Sir Isaac, 160

O

Offenbach, 203
Operettas, 126, 141
Olympia, decoration, 76
Ontamaro, 211
Ozanam, on painting, 40

P

Painting, 9, 67 *et passim*.
Barbizon school, 36
Palestrina, 83, 145, 180
Pantheism, 158
Parthenon, 31, 103
Pascal, on art, 33, 5

Paulhan, on art, 111, 134
Percier, architectural works, 90
Perfection, beauty and, 17
Pericles, 86, 89, 167
Phidias, 86, 159, 211
Pilo, Mario, on beauty, 23
Pisaro, pictures, 199
Plato, on beauty, 13
Play and art, 11, 12, 63 *seq.*
Pliny, on "Cnidian Venus," 128
Plotinus, on beauty, 13
Portraits, 34, 92 *seq.*, 130, 199
Poussin, 82, 96, 202
Pradier, 18
  Marbles, 60
Praxiteles, 18, 120
  Venus, 19
Protestants, attitude towards art, 105
Proudhon, on art, 151, 183, 188
Puget, works, 91

R

Raphael, 18, 42, 86
  "Loggie," 76
  "Madonna of Foligno," 77
  Technical skill, 201
Realism, 15, 43, 44, 61, 69, 124, 136
Redon, O., pictures, 177
Rembrandt, 43, 81, 154, 171, 199
  "Anatomy Lesson," 21
  "Night-watch," 77
  "Syndics," 56
Renaissance, châteaux, 75
Reni, Guido, 200
Renoir, portraits, 199
Ribera, "Club-foot," 109
Ribot, on ideas, 158
Richer, Dr. J. Paul, 44, 200
Richier, Ligier, "Corpse," 20, 44
Rigaud, "Bossuet," 98
  Princesses, 94
Roll, works, 176, 204
Rome, spirit of, 75
Rops, F., prints, 126, 141
Rossini, "Stabat-Mater," 108
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 105, 127
Rousseau, Theodore, 96
  On painters, 30
Rubens, 42, 98, 120, 146, 211
  "Crucifixion," 113
  Fall of Rebel Angels, 190
  "Kermesse," 38
  Nudes, 130
Ruskin, John, 60, 193
Ruysdael, pictures, 41

S

Saint Augustine, on virtue, 138
St. Francis of Assisi, 155
Sassoferrato, works, 145
Schelling, on beauty, 14
Schiller, on æsthetic, 11
Schopenhauer, 105, 124, 155
Schubert, 176
Schumann, 171, 200, 211
  "Faust," 40
Science, 7, 10
Sculpture, 9, 67
Séailles, on works of art, 153
Seneca, attitude towards art, 105
Sèzeranne, de la, 209
Sherniette, pictures, 175, 204
Sisley, pictures, 199
Sodoma, works, 177
Spencer, on art, 11
Steen, Jan, interior, 55
Steinlen, works, 109
Sully-Prudhomme, 6
Symbolists, 42

T

Taine, 141, 187
  On style, 88
Tanagra, dwarfs, 19
Taste, 26
Tchaïkowsky, "Pathetic Symphony," 60
Teniers, 44
  Baboons, 19
  "Taverns," 191
Thinking, art of, 5

Thrace, walls of, 75
Tiersot, on popular songs, 160
Titian, 39, 146
  "Danaë," 120, 128
Tolstoi, on beauty, 23, 38, 139
  On fine arts, 3, 6, 105, 118, 120, 151, 152, 183, 188
Topography, 5
Tosti, Paolo, romances, 208
Toulouse-Lautrec, drawings, 141
Turner, pictures, 62

U

Ugliness, 59, 108, 125, 140

V

Van Dyke, "Charles I.," 98
Van Loo, princesses, 94
Vaudois, 105
Velazquez, "Philippe II.," 98
Verdi, "Requiem," 19
Verestchagin, works, 109
Vernet, Horace, 8
Véron, on arts, 24
Veronese, 109
  "Marriage at Cana," 206
Versailles, 4
Virtue, 162
  Defined, 9, 10
Vittoria, 180
Voltaire, on style, 57

W

Wagner, 154, 201
  "Nibelungen Ring," 191
  "Parsifal," 140
Watteau, 83, 87
  "Fêtes," 99, 142
Wiertz, pictures, 194
Winckelmann, on beauty, 14
Women, portraits of, 92 *seq.*
Works of art, 4 *seq. et passim.*
  See also Art.
  Æsthetic value, 38 *seq.*
  Character, 77, 91, 153, 155
  Elements, 38
  Factors of, 57
  Harmony and rhythm, 29
  Limitation of, 79
  Social value, 151 *seq.*, 181
  Style, 39 *seq.*, 47, 78, 81, 85 *seq.*, 92, 159
    Subject and, 56 *seq.*, 74, 95 *seq.*, 145
  What they teach, 73 *seq.*, 95 *seq.*, 103

Z

Zwinger, 31

THE END

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
Edinburgh & London

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.
This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

REC'D LD
MAY 20 1968
MAY 15 1968 12
DEC 8 1969 15
REC'D LD DEC 2 '69 -8AM
MAY 5 1980

LD 21A-45m-9,'67
(H5067s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

LOAN DEPT.

THIS BOOK IS DUE BEFORE CLOSING TI
ON LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW

LIBRARY USE

AUG 7'67

LD 62A–50*m*-7,'65
(F5756s10)9412A

General Library
University of Californ
Berkeley

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES

0421521275